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{ From Beginning,  
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## "SCIENCE AND POLITICS."

[Hence the sort of amused contempt which "is felt by the physicist for the professional politicians, and for the crowds who throw up their caps in his wake," etc. Letter of "F. R. C. S.," *Times*, December 2nd, 1885.]

I'm an F.R.C.S., please to notice, —

Initials on view;

That's enough for my mightiness; so 'tis  
Sufficient for you.

That statesmen are idiots and liars

All sane men agree,

And turn their wise backs on the briars  
For roses like me.

The Noble, the Subtle, the Modest,

Is Science alone;

Though it's not (of all odd things the oddest)  
Yet perfectly known.

What's Truth? 'tis the portion of Science:

What's Politics? Sham!

And to give contradiction defiance,  
See the *Times*: here I am.

They give us big type but don't name us:

Big type for the pen

Is the broad road for Science's famous  
Anonymous men.

The whole world now eagerly guesses

(Elections put by)

Who, out of all F.R.C.S.'s,

The dickens am I!

On England's affairs to be busy

Suits some, I suppose;

But at dialecticians the physi-  
Cist turns up his nose.

He smiles at diversion so easy

As Ministers take;

And donkeys who throw up their greasy  
Old caps in their wake.

He sits sniffing Truth in his private

Ineffable den;

And some day, perhaps, he will drive it  
Home into dull men,

When Learning's inferior branches

Are all on the shelf,

And Science can squat on her haunches,  
And worship herself.

Politicians know nothing of Duty,

Whate'er their mock creed;

Yet even there Science, the beauty,  
Can give you a lead.

If any one felt in the vapors

About Ins and Outs,

There's Tyndall who wrote to the papers,  
To settle your doubts.

Spectator.

H. M.

## A WINNOWER'S SONG TO THE WINDS.

"A vous, troupe légère."

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

To you, O airy band,

Who flutter o'er the land

On wings that flit away,

And, with shrill minstrelsy,

The leafy greenery

So delicately sway,

These violets I bring,

Lilies, wild-flowers of spring,

And, of a vermeil hue.

These roses freshly blown,

Their virgin blushes shown,

And these pinks, all for you.

With your delicious breath

Fan ye this plain beneath,

Fan this my home retreat;

While I keep laboring,

My corn-heaps winnowing

All in the noontide heat.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## IDYLLE. — GALATEE.

"O Galatée (ainsi toujours la Grâce)."

VAUQUELIN DE LA FRESNAYE.

O GALATEA, — so may every Grace

Preserve thy youthful loveliness of face! —

Come, after supper, to our lowly thatch,

Thy mother with thee, for this even-tide:

Near a bright fire, where we shall not be  
spied,

Thou, with thy mother, and with me, shalt  
watch.

Brighter than day to us will seem the night:

Our shepherds, seated by the candle-light,

Carding the wool, will brave old stories make,

While Lizzie roasts the chestnuts by the fire:

And, if of playful games thou dost not tire,  
Games will ensure our being kept awake.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Two birds within one nest;

Two hearts within one breast;

Two spirits in one fair

Firm league of love and prayer,

Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch

A hand upon the latch;

A step that hastens its sweet rest to win.

A world of care without,

A world of strife shut out,

A world of love shut in.

DORA GREENWELL

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
POETRY AND POLITICS.

THE separation of literary criticism from politics appears to have been a gain both to politics and to literature. If Mr. Swinburne, for example, speaks unkindly about kings and priests in one volume, that offence is not remembered against him, even by the most Conservative critic, when he gives us a book like "*Atalanta*," or "*Erechtheus*." If Victor Hugo applauds the Commune, the Conservative M. Paul de Saint Victor freely forgives him. In the earlier part of the century, on the other hand, poems which had no tinge of politics were furiously assailed, for party reasons, by Tory critics, if the author was a Whig, or had friends in the ranks of Whiggery.\* Perhaps the Whiggish critics were not less one-sided, but their exploits (except a few of Jeffrey's) are forgotten. Either there were no Conservative poets to be attacked, or the Whig attack was so weak, and so unlike the fine fury of the Tory reviewers, that it has lapsed into oblivion. Assuredly no Tory Keats died of an article, no Tory Shelley revenged him in a Conservative "*Adonais*," and, if Lord Byron struck back at his Scotch reviewers, Lord Byron was no Tory.

In the happy truce of the Muses, which now enables us to judge a poet on his literary merits, Mr. Courthope has raised a war-cry which will not, I hope, be widely echoed. He has called his reprinted essays "*The Liberal Movement in English Literature*,"† and has thus brought back the howls of partisans into a region where they had been long silent. One cannot but regret this intrusion of the factions which have "no language but a cry" into the tranquil regions of verse. Mr. Courthope knows that the title of his essays will be objected to, and he tries to defend it. Cardinal Newman, he says, employs the term "Liberalism" to denote a movement in the region of thought. Would it not be as true to say that Cardinal Newman uses "Liberalism" as "short" for

most things that he dislikes? In any case the word "Liberal" is one of those question-begging, popular, political terms which had been expelled from the criticism of poetry. It seems an error to bring back the word with its passionate associations. Mr. Courthope will, perhaps, think that the reviewer who thus objects is himself a Liberal. It is not so; and though I would fain escape from even the thought of party bickerings, I probably agree with Mr. Courthope in not wishing to disestablish anything or anybody, not even the House of Lords. None the less it is distracting, when we are occupied for once with thoughts about poetry, to meet sentences like this: "Life, in the Radical view, is simply change; and a Radical is ready to promote every caprice or whim of the numerical majority of the moment in the belief that the change which it effects in the constitution of society will bring him nearer to some ideal state existing in his own imagination." Or again: "How many leagues away do they" (certain remarks of Mr. Burke's) "carry us from the Liberal Radicalism now crying out for the abolition of the hereditary branch of the Legislature?" and so on. One expects, in every page, to encounter the deceased wife's sister, or "a cow and three acres." It is not in the mood provoked by our enthusiasm for the hereditary branch of the Legislature, it is not when the heart stands up in defence of the game laws, that we are fit to reason about poetry. Consequently, as it appears to me, Mr. Courthope, in his excitement against Radicalism, does not always reason correctly, nor, perhaps, feel correctly, about poetry.

As far as I understand the main thesis of Mr. Courthope's book, it is something like this. From a very early date, from the date certainly of Chaucer, there have been flowing two main streams in English literature. One stream is the poetry of romance, the other is the poetry of manners. The former had its source (I am inclined to go a great way further back for its source) "in the institutions of chivalry, and in mediæval theology." The other poetical river, again, the poetry of manners, "has been fed by the life, actions,

\* Compare Maginn's brutal and silly attack on Shelley's "*Adonais*," recently reprinted in Maginn's "*Miscellanies*." Sampson, Low, and Company.

† John Murray, London, 1885.

and manners of the nation." One might add to this that the "life and actions" of our people have often, between the days of the Black Prince and of General Gordon, been in the highest degree "romantic." This mixture, however, would confuse Mr. Courthope's system. Drayton's "Agincourt," Lord Tennyson's "Revenge," may be regarded at will, perhaps, as belonging to the poetry of romance, or the poetry of national action. Mr. Courthope does not touch on this fact, but the reader will do well to keep it in mind, for reasons which will appear later.

The fortunes of the two streams of poetry have been different. The romantic stream was lost in the sands of Donne, Crashaw, Cowley, and the rest, but welled up again in the beginning of our own century, in Scott, Coleridge, and others. The poetry of manners, on the other hand, had its great time when men, revolting from the conceits of degenerate romanticism, took, with Pope, Dryden, Thomson, and Johnson, to "correctness," to working under the "ethical impulse." Now the "correctness" and the choice of moral topics which prevailed in the eighteenth century were "Conservative," and the new burst of romantic poetry was "Liberal," and was connected with the general revolutionary and Liberal movement in politics, speculation, and religion. Finally, Mr. Courthope thinks that "the Liberal movement in our literature, as well as in our politics, is beginning to languish." Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are not aware that they are languishing. In the interests of our languishing poetry, at all events, Mr. Courthope briefly prescribes more "healthy objectivity" (the words are mine, and are slang, but they put the idea briefly), and a "revival of the simple iambic movements of English in metres historically established in our literature."

In this sketch of Mr. Courthope's thesis, his main ideas show forth as, if not new, yet perfectly true. There is, there has been, a poetry of romance of which the corruption is found in the wanton conceits of Donne and Crashaw. There is, there has been, a poetry of manners and morals, of which the corruption is didactic prosi-

ness. In the secular action and reaction, each of these tendencies has, at various times, been weak or strong. At the beginning of this century, too, a party tinge was certainly given, chiefly by Conservative critics, to the reborn romantic poetry. Keats cared as little as any man for what Marcus Aurelius calls "the drivelling of politicians," but even Keats, as a friend of "kind Hunt's," was a sort of Liberal. But admitting this party coloring, one must add that it was of very slight moment indeed, and very casually distributed. Therefore, one must still regret, for reasons which will instantly appear, Mr. Courthope's introduction of party names and party prejudices into his interesting essays.

It is probably the author's preoccupation with politics which causes frequent contradictions, as they seem, and a general sense of confusion, which often make it very hard to follow his argument, and to see what he is really driving at. For example, Scott, the Conservative Scott, whom Mr. Courthope so justly admires, has to appear as a Liberal, almost a revolutionary, in verse. Mr. Courthope quotes Coleridge's account of the origin of "Lyrical Ballads" as "the first note of the 'new departure,' which I have called the 'Liberal Movement in English Literature.'" Well, but the Tory Scott was an eager follower of Coleridge's; he played (if we are to be political) Mr. Jesse Collings to Coleridge's Mr. Chamberlain. This, by itself, proves how very little the Liberal movement in literature was a party movement, how little it had to do with Liberalism in politics.

Again, when Mr. Courthope is censuring, and most justly censuring, Mr. Carlyle's grudging and Pharisaical article on Scott, he speaks of Carlyle as a "Radical," and finds that "our Radical Diogenes" blamed Scott "because he was a Conservative, and amused the people." Now Carlyle, of all men, was no Radical; and Scott, as a Conservative, is a queer figure in a Liberal movement. Another odd fact is that the leaders of the Liberal movement "steeped themselves" in the atmosphere of feudal romance. Whatever else feudal romance may have been, it was



eminently anti-Radical, and, to poetic Radicals, should have been eminently uncongenial. Odder still (if the Liberal movement in literature was a party movement to any important extent) is Mr. Courthope's discovery that Macaulay was a Conservative critic. Yet a Conservative critic Macaulay must have been, because he was in the camp opposed to that of Coleridge and Keats. Macaulay was a very strong party man, and, had he been aware that his critical tastes were Tory, he would perhaps have changed his tastes. Yet again, Mr. Courthope finds that optimism is the note of Liberalism, while "the Conservative takes a far less sanguine view of the prospects of the art of poetry," and of things in general. But Byron and Shelley, in Mr. Courthope's argument, were Liberal poets. Yet Mr. Courthope says, speaking of Shelley, "like Byron, he shows himself a complete pessimist." For my own part (and Mr. Courthope elsewhere expresses the same opinion), Shelley seems to me an optimist, in his queer political dreams of a future where Prometheus and Asia shall twine beams and buds in a cave, unsexed by priests and kings — a future in which all men shall be peaceful, brotherly, affectionate sentimentalists. But Mr. Courthope must decide whether Byron and Shelley are to be Conservatives and pessimists, or Liberals and optimists. At present their position as Liberal pessimists seems, on his own showing, difficult and precarious. Macaulay, too, the Liberal Macaulay, is a pessimist, according to Mr. Courthope. All this confusion, as I venture to think it, appears to arise, then, from Mr. Courthope's political preoccupations. He shows us a Radical Carlyle, a Conservative Macaulay; a Scott who is, perhaps, a kind of Whig; a Byron, who, being pessimistic, should be Conservative, but is Liberal; a Shelley, who is Liberal, though, being pessimistic, he ought to be Conservative. It is all very perplexing, and, like most mischief, all comes out of party politics. It is less easy to demonstrate, what I cannot help suspecting, that Mr. Courthope's great admiration of the typical poetry of the eighteenth century comes from his persuasion that that

poetry, like Providence, "is Tory." This may seem an audacious guess. I am led to make it partly by observing that Mr. Courthope's own poems, especially the charming lyrics in "The Paradise of Birds," have a freedom and a varied music, extremely Liberal, extremely unlike Johnson and Thomson, and not all dissimilar to what we admire in the Red Republican verse of Mr. Swinburne. Now, if Mr. Courthope writes verse like that (and I wish he would write more), surely his inmost self must, on the whole, tend rather to the poetry he calls Liberal, than to that which (being a politician) he admires as Conservative, but does not imitate. All this, however, is an attempt to plumb "the abysmal depths of personality." We are on firmer ground when we try to show that Mr. Courthope expresses too high an opinion of the typical poetry of the eighteenth century. Now this really brings us face to face with the great question, Was Pope a poet? and that, again, leads us to the brink of a discussion as to what is poetry. On these matters no one will ever persuade his neighbors by argument. We all follow our tastes, incapable of conversion. I must admit that I am, on this point, a Romanticist of the most "dishevelled" character; that Pope's verse does not affect me as what I call poetry affects me; that I only style Pope, in Mr. Swinburne's words, "a poet with a difference." This is one of the remarks which inspire Mr. Courthope to do battle for Pope, and for Thomson, and Johnson, and the rest. Mr. Matthew Arnold, too, vexes Mr. Courthope by calling Pope and Dryden "classics of our prose." Why are they not poets? he asks; and "Who is a poet if not Pope?" Who? Why from Homer onwards there are many poets; there are "many mansions," but if Pope dwells in one of them I think it is by courtesy, and because there are a few diamonds of poetry in the fine gold of his verse. But it is time to say why one would (in spite of the very highest of all living authorities) incline to qualify the title of "poet" as given to Pope. It is for a reason which Mr. Courthope finds it hard to understand. He says that Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne deny Pope the laurel

without assigning reasons. They merely cry in a despotic fashion, *stet pro ratione voluntas*. They do not offer argument, or, if they argue, their arguments will not "hold water." But Mr. Courthope himself justifies the lack of argument by his own reply to certain reasonings of Wordsworth's. "Your reasoning, no doubt," says Mr. Courthope to the Bard of Rydal, "is very fine and ingenious, but the matter is one not for argument, but for perception."

Precisely; and so Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne might answer Mr. Courthope's complaints of their lack of argument, "The matter is one not for argument, but for perception." One feels, or perceives, in reading Pope, the lack of what one cannot well argue about, the lack of the indefinable glory of poetry, the bloom on it, as happiness is, according to Aristotle, the bloom on a life of goodness. Mr. Swinburne, avoiding "argument," writes, "The test of the highest poetry is that it eludes all tests. Poetry in which there is no element at once perceptible and indefinable by any reader or hearer of any poetic instinct may have every other good quality . . . but if all its properties can easily or can ever be gauged and named by its admirers, it is not poetry, above all it is not lyric poetry, of the first water." In fact, to employ the terms of Mr. Courthope's own reply to Wordsworth, "The matter is one not for argument, but for perception." Now this "perceptible and indefinable" element in poetry, is rarely present in Pope's verse, if it is ever present at all. We can "gauge and name" the properties of Pope's verse, and little or nothing is left unnamed and ungauged. For this reason Pope always appears to me, if a poet at all, a poet "with a difference." The test, of course, is subjective, even mystical, if you will. Mr. Courthope might answer that Pope is full of passages in which he detects an indefinable quality that can never be gauged or named. In that case I should be silenced, but Mr. Courthope does not say anything of the sort. Far from that, he says (and here he does astonish me) that "the most sublime passages of Homer, Milton, and Virgil, can readily be analyzed into their elements." Why, if it were so, they would indeed be on the level of Pope. But surely it is not so. We can parse Homer, Milton, and Virgil; we can make a *précis* of what they state; but who can analyze their incommunicable charm? If any man thinks he can analyze it, to that man, I am inclined to cry, the charm must be

definable indeed, but also imperceptible. Take Homer's words, so simply uttered, when Helen has said that her brothers shun the war, for her shame's sake —

Ὡς φάτο· τοὺς δ' ἦδη κατέχεν φρεσὶς αἶα,  
Ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὖθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.\*

Who can analyze the subtle melancholy of the lines, the incommunicable charm and sweetness, full of all thoughts of death, and life, and the dearness of our native land?

In Virgil and Milton it is even easier to find examples of this priceless quality, lines like

Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros,†

or

Te, Lari maxime, teque  
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino!‡

Mr. Courthope himself quotes lines of Milton's that sufficiently illustrate my meaning: —

And ladies of the Hesperides that seemed  
Fairer than feigned of old or fabled since  
Of faery damsels met in forest wide  
By Knight of Logris or of Lyones,  
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.

There is something in the very procession and rhythmical fitness of the words, there is a certain bloom and charm, which defies analysis. This bloom is of the essence of poetry, and it is *not* characteristic of the typical verse of Mr. Courthope's Conservative eighteenth century. He enters into argument with Mr. Swinburne, who quotes, as an example of the indefinable quality: —

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago.

Mr. Swinburne says that "if not another word was left of the poem in which those two last lines occur, those two lines would suffice to show the hand of a poet differing, not in degree, but in kind, from the tribe of Byron or of Southey" — the Conservative singer of Wat Tyler. As to Byron I do not speak; but certainly the two lines, like two lines of Sappho's, if they alone survived, would give assurance of a poet of the true gift, of the unimpeachable inspiration. Such a line as

\* So spake she, but them already the mother earth possessed, there in Lacedæmon, their own dear native land.

† And rivers gliding under ancient walls.

‡ Thee, mightiest Laris, and thee, Benacus, rising with waves and surge as of the sea.

or Ἦρος ἄγγελος ἡμεροφώνος ἰσθδων,\*  
ὧς δὲ παῖς πεδὶ μῆτερα πεπτερυγῶμαι,†

is not a more infallible proof of the existence of a true poet.

Mr. Courthope does not see this in the case of Wordsworth. He says the beauty of the fragment depends on the context. I quote his remark, which proves how vain it is to argue about poetry, how truly it is "a matter of perception." Mr. Courthope says: "The high quality of the verses depends upon their associations with the image of the solitary Highland reaper singing unconsciously her 'melancholy strain' in the midst of the autumn sheaves; detached from this image the lines would scarcely have been more affecting than our old friend, 'Barbara, celarent, etc.'" By an odd coincidence, and personal experience, I can disprove (in my own case) this dictum of Mr. Courthope's. When I was a freshman, with a great aversion to Wordsworth, and an almost exhaustive ignorance of his poetry, I chanced to ask a friend to suggest a piece of verse for Latin elegiacs. He answered, "Why don't you try

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago."

I did *not* attempt to convert the lines into blundering elegiacs. I did not even ask for the context, but the beauty and enchantment of the sounds remained with me, singing to me, as it were, in lonely places beside the streams and below the hills. This is, perhaps, evidence that, for some hearers, the high quality of Wordsworth's touch, "when nature took the pen from him," does *not* depend on the context, though from the context even that verse gains new charms. For what is all Celtic poetry but a memory

Of old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago?

In the long run, perhaps, as Mr. Courthope says, Mr. Swinburne "only proves by his argument that the poetry of Byron is of a different kind from the poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley, and that he himself infinitely prefers the poetry of the two latter." Unluckily argument can prove no more than that the poetry which we "infinitely prefer" is of a different kind

from the poetry of Pope and Johnson, and even from most of Thomson's. One cannot *demonstrate* that it is not only of a different kind but of an infinitely higher kind. That is matter for perception. But this one may say, and it may even appear of the nature of an argument, that the poetry of "a different kind," which I agree with so much more competent a judge as Mr. Swinburne in preferring, is not peculiar to any one people, or time, or movement. It is *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. I find this flower on the long, wild, frozen plains and steppes, the *tundras*, of the Finnish epic, the "Kalevala:" "The cold has spoken to me, and the rain has told me her runes; the winds of heaven, the waves of the sea, have spoken and sung to me, the wild birds have taught me, the music of many waters has been my master." So says the Runoia, and he speaks truly, but wind and rain, and fen and forest, cloud and sky and sea, never taught their lesson to the typical versifiers of the Conservative eighteenth century. I find their voices, and their enchantment, and their passion in Homer and Virgil, in Theocritus, and Sophocles, and Aristophanes, in the *Volkslieder* of modern Greece, as in the ballads of the Scottish border, in Shakespeare and Marlowe, in Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay, in Cowper and Gray, as in Shelley and Scott and Coleridge, in Edgar Poe, in Heine, and in the Edda. Where I do not find this natural magic, and "element at once perceptible and indefinable," is in "The Rape of the Lock," "The Essay on Man," "Eloisa to Abelard," "The Campaign," — is in the typical verse of the classical and Conservative eighteenth century. Now, if I am right in what, after all, is a matter of perception, if all great poetry of all time has this one mark, this one element, and is of this one kind, while only the typical poetry of a certain three generations lacks the element, and is of another kind, can I be wrong in preferring *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*?

The late rector of Lincoln College (a Liberal, to be sure, alas!) has defined that which we consciously miss in Pope and Johnson as "the element of inspired feeling." Perhaps we cannot define it, and perhaps it is going too far to say, with the rector, that "it is by courtesy that the versifiers of the century from Dryden to Churchill are styled poets." Let us call them "poets with a difference," for even Mr. Courthope will probably admit (what he says Mr. Swinburne has "proved"

\* The dear glad angel of spring, the nightingale. — BEN JONSON.

† "Even as a child to its mother I flutter to thee." Both these passages are fragments of Sappho.

about Byron) that they are poets "of a different kind." Then let us prefer which kind we please, and be at rest. We, who prefer the kind that Homer began, and that Lord Tennyson continues, might add, as a reason for our choice, that our side is strong in the knowledge and rendering of nature. Wordsworth, in a letter to Scott,\* remarked that Dryden's was "not a poetical genius," although he possessed (what Chapelain, according to Théophile Gautier, *especially* lacked), "a certain ardor and impetuosity of mind, with an excellent ear." But, said Wordsworth, "there is not a single image from nature in the whole body of his works," and, "in his translation from Virgil, wherever Virgil can be fairly said to have had his eye upon his object, Dryden always spoils the passage." So, it is generally confessed, does Pope spoil Homer, Homer who always has his eye on the object. I doubt if Chapman, when he says, —

And with the tops he bottoms all the deeps,  
And all the bottoms in the tops he steeps,  
gives the spirit of a storm of Homer's worse than Pope does, when he remarks,

The waves behind roll on the waves before.

Or where does Homer say that the stars,  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain head?

Πάντα δὲ εἰς αἶσρα ἀστέρα,†

says Homer, and it is enough. The "yellower verdure," and the silver, and the rest of this precious stuff come from Pope, that minute observer of external nature. Mr. Courthope numbers Dryden, with Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Scott, among poets with "the power of reproducing the idea of external nature." It may be my unconscious Liberalism, but I prefer the view of that eminent Radical, William Wordsworth. Mr. Courthope elsewhere asserts that the writers of the best poetry of the eighteenth century (meaning Pope, I presume, and the rest), "faced nature boldly, and wrote about it in metre directly as they felt it." Probably, by "nature," Mr. Courthope means "human nature," for I cannot believe that Pope, boldly facing nature on a starlit night, really saw a "yellower verdure" produced by "that obscure light which droppeth from the stars."

Before leaving the question of the value of typical eighteenth-century poetry, one

would recall Mr. Courthope's distinctions between the poetry of manners and national action, and the poetry of romance. I said that there was much romance in our national actions. Now, outside the sacred grove of Conservative and classical poetry, that romance of national action has been felt, has been fittingly sung. From the fight of Brunanburh to Drayton's "Agincourt," from "Agincourt" to Lord Tennyson's "Revenge," and Sir Francis Doyle's "Red Thread of Honor," we have certain worthy and romantic lyrics of national action. The Cavalier poets gave us many songs of England under arms, even Macaulay's "Armada" stirs us like "Chevy Chase," or "Kinmont Willie." The Conservative and classical age of our poetry was an age of great actions. What, then, did the Conservative poets add to the lyrics of the romance of national action? Where is *their* "Battle of the Baltic," or their "Mariners of England"? Why, till we come to Cowper (an early member of "the Liberal movement,") to Cowper and the "Loss of the Royal George," I declare I know not where to find a poet who has discovered in national action any romance or any inspiration at all! What do we get, in place of the romance of national adventure, in place of "Lucknow" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," from the classical period? Why, we get, at most, and at best, —

Though fens and floods possessed the middle  
space

*That unprovoked they would have feared to pass,  
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,  
When her proud foe ranged on their border  
stands.\**

I recommend the historical and topographical accuracy of the second line, and the musical correctness of the fourth. Not thus did Scott sing how

The stubborn spearmen still made good  
Their dark, impenetrable wood,

and I doubt if Achilles found any such numbers, when Patroclus entered his tent, αἶψα δ' ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.† The Conservative age, somehow, was less patriotic than the poets of "the Liberal movement."

Space fails me, and I cannot join battle with Mr. Courthope as to the effect of science on poetry, and as to the poetry of savage times and peoples, though I am longing to criticise the verses of Dieyries and Narrinyeries, and the *karakias* of the

\* Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, ii. 89.

† And all the stars show plain.

\* Of course there are better things than this in the "Campaign" of the inspired Mr. Addison.

† And he was singing of the glorious deeds of men.

Maoris, and the great Maori epic, so wonderfully Homeric, and the songs of the Ojibbeways and Malagasies. When Macaulay said, "As civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines," I doubt if much Dieyri or Narrinyeri verse was present to his consciousness. But this belongs to a separate discussion.

I have tried to show that, by introducing political terms into poetical criticism, and by having his eye on politics when discoursing of poetry, Mr. Courthope has not made obscure matters clearer, and has, perhaps, been betrayed into a strained affection for the Conservative and classical school. His definition of what gives a poet his rank, "his capacity for producing lasting pleasure by the metrical expression of thought, of whatever kind it may be," certainly admits Pope and some of his followers. But, as a mere matter of perception, I must continue to think them "poets with a difference," different from Homer, Sappho, Theocritus, Virgil, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, and Heine. This is the conclusion of a Romanticist, who maintains that the best things in Racine, the best things in Aristophanes, the best things in the book of Job, are romantic. But I willingly acknowledge that the classical movement, the Conservative movement, the movement which Waller began and Pope completed, was inevitable, necessary, salutary.

I am not ungrateful to Pope and Waller; but they hold of Apollo in his quality of leech, rather than of minstrel, and they "rather seem his healing son," Asclepius, than they resemble the god of the silver bow. As to the future of our poetry, whether poets should return to "the simple iambic movements" or not, who can predict? It all depends on the poets, probably unborn, who are to succeed Mr. Matthew Arnold and Lord Tennyson. But I hope that, if our innumerable lyric measures are to be deserted, it may be after my time. I see nothing opposed to a moderate Conservatism in anapæsts, but I fear Mr. Courthope suspects the lyric muse herself of a dangerous Radicalism.

ANDREW LANG.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MRS. DYMOND.

BY MRS. RITCHIE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN AN EMPTY APARTMENT.

THE house was at the corner of the boulevard and the Rue Lavoisier, near the mortuary chapel which Madame du Parc had once promised to visit with Susy.

In this strange house, with the occasional roar and rush in the boulevard close at hand, the hours passed like some strange nightmare; so slowly, so long, so stifling in their silent oppression, that Susy could scarcely believe that another hour was gone when the gilt clock struck. The apartment belonged to unknown people who had fled hastily, leaving their clothes and their possessions in confusion; shoes and papers, packing cases half packed, a parcel of silver spoons lying on the table. The linen cupboards were open, with the near piles disordered and overturned; the clocks were going, but the beds were not made. At first Susy set to work straightening, making order in the confusion, preparing a room for herself, and another for Jo in case he should arrive. She swept and folded and put away, and made the rooms ready for the night. She put by a lady's smart bonnet, a child's pair of little boots. Had she been in any mood to do so, she might have pieced together the story of those to whom the home belonged; but she was dull, wearied out, only wanting news of Jo. As Mrs. Dymond worked on the time passed; then, when the work was done, when she had established herself in one of the two bedrooms, when all was straight, and the linen piled afresh and the doors of the cupboard closed, though the clocks still ticked on, time itself seemed to stop. She was quite alone now, neither Jo nor Adolphe rejoined her, nor did Max come as he had promised.

The rest of the house was also empty; the *conciergerie* was down below in his lodge, but except for him no one remained in the sunny, tall building lately so alive, so closely packed.

"There was one lady still remaining of all the inhabitants," the *conciergerie* said "an English lady—a *dame de charité*, who would not leave her poor; but she was gone away for a day to visit a sick friend."

Susy went down-stairs towards evening to ask if no letter had come for her. She even went out, at the porter's suggestion,



bareheaded, as people do in France, and bought some milk and some food from an adjoining shop, and then came back to the silent place.

It was a most terrible experience; one which seemed so extraordinary that Mrs. Dymond could hardly believe that it was not all some dream from which she would presently awake. She waited till long past midnight on her bed, and fell asleep at last; but towards four o'clock the sound of the cannon at Montmartre awoke her, and she sat up on the bed listening with a beating heart. There was a crucifix at the foot of the bed; in her natural terror and alarm it seemed to her that the figure on the crucifix looked up in the early dawn. There was a picture beneath the crucifix of a Madonna with a burning heart. A longing, an unutterable longing came to poor Susanna for her own mother Mary's tender, comforting, loving arms round her own aching heart — surely it was on fire too. How lonely she felt, how deserted! Max might have come last night, as he promised. It seemed to Susy that she understood now for the first time what the secret of Mary Marney's life had been; a secret that Susy herself had learnt so unwillingly, so passionately, so late in life's experience. If she had had any one to speak to, everything might have seemed less vaguely terrible. As she was listening with a beating heart came a sound from without, that of a drum beating with a measured yet hurried roll; the rattle came closer and closer, and finally stopped under her very window. She started from the bed and ran and looked out. The dawn had just touched the opposite houses, another shutter opened, then a door creaked, and a man ran out hastily buttoning his clothes; then a second stood in the doorway in shirt sleeves, but he did not move. Then the drum rolled away again, and with two men only following, passed down the street to the boulevard. The sound came fainter and more hopeless. Then the distant cannon began to boom again, and some carts with soldiers galloped by.

Susy stood helplessly looking from her window. Already the inhabitants of Paris were awake, and receiving the sun, as it at last dispelled the heavy morning fogs, with loud cries of *Vive la république*. Drink was being distributed among the National Guards assembled in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Many of the bewildered soldiers who had been poured into the town all the preceding days, were looking on and sharing in these

festivities. Others, who had been out all night, were still wandering about the streets asking the passers-by where they were to go for shelter. A band of armed patriots, crossing the Place de la Concorde, were shouting out *A Versailles!* with the same enthusiasm with which their predecessors had cried *A Berlin!* a few months before. Others, whom they met along the road, took up the cry; the women assembling in the streets and doorways were uttering fiercer, vaguer threats of vengeance against tyrants, against Versailles, and the police, and, indeed, before many hours had passed the first of their unhappy victims was being hunted to his death along the Rue des Martyrs. Alas! he was but the first of the many who were to follow, and whose nobler blood was destined to flow upon those cruel stones.

Reading the papers of those days we see that an imposing deputation was preparing to visit the Place de la Bastille, carrying a red Phrygian flag before it; that the new self-elected government was gloriously proclaiming the "perfect Unity, and Liberty entire and complete," of which we have already heard so much; that the people of Paris had shaken off the despotism which had sought to crush it to the ground. "Calm and impassive in its force, it was standing (so say Billcoy, Varlin, Jourde, Ch. Lullier, Blanchet, Pouget, etc., etc.) and uncontestedly proving a patriotism equal to the height of present circumstances."

What were all these echoes to Susy at her window, looking out with her heavy, anxious heart? Jo! Max! where were they? what were they about? Ah! would these terrible hours never pass?

She dressed very early, lit a fire, and prepared a meal with the tin of milk which she had bought the day before. It was an unutterable relief to hear the door-bell ring about eight o'clock in the morning. She found the concierge outside bringing up water from the pump below, and a note which had been left very early in the morning before he was up. Susy tore it open. The note was in Max's writing; it had no beginning nor date, but its news was fresh life to poor Susy. It was in English. "I have tidings of Jo. Marney, by good fortune, heard of him, and sent me word. He is in custody, and I have gone after him, and hope to bring him back safe to you. Meet us to-day at one o'clock at the station, by which you came. Adolphe will come and conduct you safely there. — M. DU P."



Susy burst into tears of relief, and sank into a chair. The concierge looked on compassionately at *la petite dame* as he called her, carried his pails into the kitchen, and returned on tiptoe, so as to show his friendly sympathy. How the morning passed Mrs. Dymond could scarcely have told; at twelve o'clock Adolphe appeared with a porter's knot upon his strong shoulders to carry her bag and her parcel of shawls. He had been vexed to fail her the night before; he was coming off when a messenger from Du Parc had met him with a parcel of letters, which he had been obliged to deliver. He had been about till one o'clock at night. "It was a real *corvée*," said Adolphe.

"But it was apparently in your service, madame," said he politely. "It is necessary in these days to make one's plans beforehand, and if people won't agree to reason, you must use a little compulsion."

Susy did not understand very well what he was saying. She walked by his side, questioning him about Max and Jo. He could tell her very little, except that Du Parc had sent him on these errands. As they were walking along, side by side, suddenly a quiet-looking woman in a white cap and black dress crossed the street, and came up and caught Susy by the hand.

"Oh!" she said, "why do you stay here? You are English. What do you do here? It is not your home. Go home, go home; you don't know what dangers are about you here." Then she pushed Susy, and hurried on wildly.

"Curious woman," says Adolphe imperturbably. "She is not so far wrong. Come, madame, we must not be too late. There don't seem to be many people left anywhere," he said, looking about him.

"How strangely empty the streets are!" said Mrs. Dymond. "The railway *place* is quite deserted, and the station, too, looks shut."

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### AT THE TERMINUS.

THE station was shut, the doors and windows seemed closely barred, but as they looked they saw a side door which was held cautiously ajar. Adolphe kicked with his foot, and in a minute they were let in. Within was a strange scene of crowded confusion and excitement — baggage in piles, people in groups clinging together, women wringing their hands and weeping, men gesticulating. In one of the waiting-rooms there was a crowd round

a wounded man, in another a woman in hysterics.

"Did you see nothing?" cried half-a-dozen voices as Susy entered, following Adolphe.

"We saw nothing at all; we met nobody anywhere," said he. "What is the matter with you all?"

Then they were told by a dozen voices of a fight which had taken place only a few minutes before in the open *place* outside the station. Some of the Federal prisoners were being brought up to the station to be taken to Versailles to be judged. It was a grave affair. They were accused of participation in the murder of the generals. The Federals had made a desperate attempt to deliver their men from the hands of the escort. The escort had driven off the attack, and fought its way into the station. The prisoners were all now safely shut up in the railway carriages and doubly guarded; the Federals had retreated — whether for good, or whether they had only gone for reinforcements, it was impossible to say. Adolphe's face fell, though he tried to look pleased.

"They are all on a wrong scent," cries a man in his shirt-sleeves. "They have got hold of Papa Caron among others who never touched a fly. I saw the man who struck down Clement Thomas. I should know him again. He is not one of these. The old man was lying on the ground; they struck him down with the butt-end of their guns."

There was a murmur of horror all round, as the narrator, a natural dramatist, as most Frenchmen are, threw up his arms and re-acted the dreadful scene. Susy turned sick with horror.

"Your train will be starting in about ten minutes," Adolphe was beginning to say, when suddenly his tone changes. "Take care! take care! this way, madame," cries Adolphe, suddenly thrusting himself before her. "Up! up! on the seat!"

With a sudden cry the crowd began to sway, to fly in every direction; the great centre door of the station trembled under the blows which were being struck from without. There was a brief parley from a window, a man standing on a truck began to shout, —

"Let them in! They want to deliver the prisoners! They will hurt nobody."

A woman close by screamed and fainted. As Susy was stooping and helping to pull her up upon the bench the two great folding doors suddenly burst open, letting in the

light, and a file of Federal soldiers marching in step and military order. Adolphe, who had thrust Susy into a corner of the *salle*, now helped to raise the fainting woman, with Susy's assistance, as she stood on the bench out of the rush of the crowd, while Adolphe and his *hotte* made a sort of rampart before them.

"Don't be frightened," he said, "no one will fight; the prisoners' escort will see it is no use making a stand against such numbers. Pardie, they are off!" he cried excitedly, for as he spoke the engine outside gave a shrill whistle and started off upon the lines. Susy, from her place by the window, could see the train slowly steaming out of the station. There was a wild shout from the spectators. What was it that Susy also saw through the barred window by which she stood (half-a-dozen other heads below were crowding against the panes which looked to the platform)? She saw a figure, surely it was familiar to her, it could be none other than Max who was flying down the lines to the signal posts, and in another minute the train, still snorting and puffing, began to slacken speed, then finally stopped, then backed, then stopped again.

"The danger signals are all up. They don't dare advance!" cried some of the men at the window.

"That is it, *bien trouvé*. Look out, madame. What do you see?" cried Adolphe eagerly from below.

Meanwhile the detachment of Federals, still in good order, still advancing, came on, lining the centre of the hall, spreading out through the door on to the side of the platform along which the Versailles train had started. There was a second platform on the other side of the station from which Susy's own train to Rouen and Havre was also making ready to start. It was curious to note how methodically common life went on in the midst of these scares and convulsions. Suddenly Susy, with a sinking, sickening heart, realized that the moment for her own time of departure had almost come; again she thought of Max's note, and of its promise. Alas! alas! it was not carried out—no Jo was there. If she went, she must go alone. It was all too rapid for her to formulate either her fear or her hope. Presently there was a fresh stir among the crowd, and a functionary's voice was heard shouting, "Passengers for Rouen and Havre *en voiture!*"

"You see it is all right!" said Adolphe cheerfully. "You had better go, madame; I will wait here in case your son should

come, to send him after you. He is big enough to travel alone," said the young man, nodding to reassure her, though he looked very pale, and his face belied his words.

She was in utter perplexity; she knew not what to do—what to determine; of one thing and one only was she sure, Max had promised to find Jo, to save him, and he would keep his word. Yes, it would be better to go on; her presence was but an incumbrance; Max could help Jo; that much she knew; what could she do but add to their perplexities? The fainting woman was already revived as Susy sprang down from the bench with Adolphe's help, and as she did so she heard another shout, a loud cheer. The crowd swayed. Between the ranks of the soldiers came the triumphant procession of Federals with their red scarves, returning from the platform, and at the head of it Caron borne in triumph on some of his own workmen's shoulders. Half-a-dozen liberated prisoners were marching after him, shouting wildly and tossing hats and handkerchiefs.

Caron, who had been a prisoner among the rest, was smiling, undisturbed and quiet as ever, and bowing and softly waving his hat. To be safe mattered little to him, but his heart was overflowing with grateful pride and pleasure at the manner of his release; the rally of his friends, the determination with which his workmen had united to defend him against his enemies filled his heart with peaceful content.

Mrs. Dymond, speechless, open-eyed, was still looking after him with breathless interest and surprise, when her own turn came, her own release from cruel suspense. A hand was laid on her shoulder, she was hugged in two strong arms and fairly lifted off the ground, and Jo, grinning, delighted, excited and free, was by her side once more.

"I am going back with you, Mrs. Dymond," said he; "it's all right. I've got my return ticket."

"He has given us trouble enough!" cries Max, coming up behind him breathless and excited too. "For heaven's sake carry him off at once now you have got him. It is time you were in the train. The troops may be upon us again."

"I was safe all through," said Jo, "but we know, Mrs. Dymond, Caron has enemies. Lucky for us, Max remembered the danger signals."

All the time Jo spoke Du Parc was hurrying Susanna along towards the platform

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from which the Rouen train was starting. It was approached by a turnstile, where they were met by an excited functionary who let Jo and his return ticket through the turnstile, but angrily opposed the passage of Adolphe and the parcels. It was no use waiting to discuss the matter; the man was terribly excited, and time was pressing.

"Take the bag and find some places," Max cried, handing the things over the barrier to Jo.

Susy paused for one minute. "Good-bye, Adolphe," she said; "I shall never forget your kindness — never, never." Then she raised her eyes, looking steadily into Du Parc's face. All the passing flush of success was gone from it. He was drawing his breath heavily; he looked anxious, harassed. Susy, too, was very pale, and she held by the wooden barrier.

"I — I can't leave you in this horrible place," she said passionately. "How *can* I say good-bye?" and as she spoke she burst into uncontrollable tears.

He took her in his arms, then and there, before them all — who cared? — who had time to speculate upon their relations?

"I shall come to you; don't say good-bye," he said; "we are not parting," and he held her close and breathless to his beating heart, and then in a moment more he had put her away with gentle strength, and pushed her through the gate. The wooden turnstile was between them, his pale face was immediately lost in the sway of the crowd; she found herself roughly hurried along; thrust into the first open carriage. Jo leapt in after her; the door was banged. There were other people in the carriage — some sobbing, some talking incoherently, all excited, exasperated, incoherent. "*C'est trop! c'est trop! c'est trop!*" one man was shrieking over and over again. "I can bear no more. I am going — yes, I am going!" Another young fellow sat with his face in his hands, sobbing. Jo was very silent, and sat for a long time staring at his fellow travellers. It was not till they reached Rouen, and the reassuring German helmets came round about the carriage windows asking what had happened in Paris, that he began to talk to Susy — that he gave her any details of his escape and his captivity. He had met Caron that morning after he left them at the villa, and was walking with him from the station, when they were both suddenly arrested, with a young man who had only joined them a few minutes before. They were

not allowed a word. They were hurried off, and all three locked up in a guard-house, where they were kept during the two days. Late on the afternoon of the second day they were moved to a second *corps de garde*. On their way from one place to another they fortunately passed Marney in the street. "I shouted to him," said Jo, "for I knew he would let you know, and I knew he had been at work, when Caron received a message through one of the soldiers — they were most of them half Federals — that we were to be rescued. I don't think he or I were in very much danger," Jo added, "but the third man had been a soldier, and would have been shot, so Caron told me afterwards. He was a fine fellow — half an Englishman; they called him Russell, or some such name."

"Oh! Jo, I have got *you* safe," said Susy, beginning to cry again. "I can't think — I can't speak — I can't feel any more."

"Why should you?" said Jo practically. "Give me your ticket, for fear you should lose it," and then he settled himself comfortably to sleep in his corner, smiled at her, and pulled down the blind. Susy could not rest; she sat mechanically watching the green plains and poplar trees flying past the window. She was nervously unhinged by the events of the last two days; the strain had been very great. She longed to get back to silence, to home, to the realization of that one moment of absolute relief. She felt as if she could only rest again with Phrasie in her arms, only thus bear the renewed suspense, the renewed anxiety. But she knew at the same time, with grateful, indescribable relief, that her worst trouble was even over now, though prison bars, distance, a nation's angry revenge, lay between her and that which seemed so great a portion of her future life.

They reached home on the evening of the second day. The carriage was waiting at the station with Phrasie in it. The drive did Susy good after all these tragic, distorted days, during which she had been living this double life. Little Phrasie in her arms was her best comforter, her best peacemaker. A gentle wind blew in her face, a gentle evening burnt away in quiet gleams, the sky was so grey, so broken; the soft, golden gates of the west were opening wide, and seemed to call to weary spirits to enter into the realms of golden peace. The hedges on either side were white with the garlands of spring. The dogs, which

had been set loose, came barking to meet them, as the wheels turned in at the familiar home gates. The servants appeared eager to welcome. Jo silently gave the reins into the coachman's hand, and sprang down and handed out his stepmother with something of his father's careful courtesy. Little Phrasie woke up bright, delighted to be in her mother's arms once more and at home; she went running from room to room. It was home, Susy felt, and not only home but a kind, tender home, full of a living past, with a sense of the kindness that was not dead.

Phrasie was put to bed; dinner was laid in the library for the young man and his stepmother. Jo sat still silent, revolving many things in his mind. From a stripling he had grown to be a man in the last few weeks. His expedition, his new experience, Tempy's marriage, his own responsibility—all these things had sobered him, and made him realize the importance of the present, of conduct, of other people's opinion.

"Here we are beginning our life together again, Mrs. Dymond," said he at last. "We get on very well, don't we?"

"Very well, dear Jo," Susy said smiling, "until some one who has more right to be here than I have comes to live at the Place."

"What are you talking about?" says Jo, blushing up. "I don't mean to marry for years to come, if that is what you mean."

"Ah, my dear," said Susy, with some emotion, "make no promises; you do not know; you cannot foretell. One can never foretell."

He looked hard at her. He guessed that Susy had not come back to them as she went away. She turned a little pale when she saw his eyes fixed upon her. It seemed to her as if her story must be written in her face. She might have told him—she need not have been ashamed—but she felt as if his father's son was no proper confidant.

Long after Jo had gone to bed she sat by the dying fire, living over and over those terrible days, those strange, momentous hours.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

##### CARON.

WE must refer those of our readers who take any interest in the subsequent adventures of Max and his contemporaries to the pages of the *Daily Velocipede* for some account of those days which fol-

lowed Susy's departure from Paris. Marney's eloquent pen, dipped in dynamite and gunpowder, flashing with flame and sensation, became remarked beyond the rest, and brought readers by hundreds to his paper. He was everywhere, saw everything, so graphic were his descriptions, so minute, so full of enthusiasm, that it was impossible for more experienced newspaper readers than Susy to say how much he wrote from his own observation, or what hearsay legends he translated into his own language, which, whatever its merits or demerits, did not lack in vividness. Susy scanned the columns day by day with anxious eyes for more and more news. She found so much that she was almost bewildered by it, and scarcely knew what to believe; as for direct intelligence of Max, scarcely any came to her, though Madame sent letters from time to time from her farm at Avignon. But Madame's letters chiefly described her olive-trees, her cow, her pig, her eggs, and her tomatoes. Max delayed; he did not rejoin her as she had hoped he might have done; he left her to do it all, to engage the man, to contract with the hotels for her eggs and butter. Susy wrote to Madame from time to time, telling her about little Phrasie and the two boys, who were doing well at their school. In one letter Susy also described a domestic event, of which the news had reached Tarndale soon after her return from Paris. Uncle Peregrine Bolsover had died suddenly from the effects of a snake bite. He had left no will, but Charlie became undisputed heir to the Bolsover estates, and Uncle Bob now transferred to him the allowance which Peregrine had hitherto enjoyed; but this news did not interest Madame du Parc in the least. The price of butter had fallen, and her mind was preoccupied by more present contingencies.

As the events multiplied in France, as the storms raged more and more fiercely, those who had remained, hoping to stem the waves, felt every day more helpless; the sea was too rough, the evil blasts too high—what voice could be heard? What orders could prevail? Captains and leaders were powerless now. For the first time Caron lost courage and confidence. The murder of the hostages seemed like a death blow to the dear old man who could not believe in the wickedness of men whom he had trusted and lived with all his threescore years, during which he himself, though he did not know it, had been as a hostage for good and for truth

among the angry and the ignorant people. He moped, his blue eyes were dim, his steps were slow. Max hardly recognized him one day when he met him coming out of his own doorway in the Rue de Bac. He was carrying some letters to a post-office hard by; he seemed glad to take Du Parc's strong arm.

"I am tired; I feel ill," he said. "I feel disgraced and utterly ashamed; this is no liberty, no republic any more. This is tyranny, monstrous wickedness; these crimes of the brutal ignorant have only the excuse of ignorance. If I, if others before me, had done our simplest duty in life, such blank ignorance would not now exist."

Max felt his heart sore for his old friend. He himself had hoped less of his fellow-creatures; he was more angry and less crushed than Caron.

"If these brutes had listened to your teaching," he said, trying to cheer him, "and to that of sensible men, it might have all turned differently. They will still have to learn before they can cease to be brutes."

"I have no more strength to teach," said Caron. "Max, do you know that I have left you all—all my theories, my failures, my ineptitudes, my realities, *mes chères vérités*," he said. "You must make the best use you can of it all. You can ask for the memoranda and papers. I gave them to your friend, *la douce* Susanne. They will be for you and your children, my dear son. If you escape from this terrible catastrophe, go to her. I think that with her you will find happiness."

Max, greatly touched, pressed his old friend's arm. "One can scarcely look forward," he said, "from one hour to another, but you have guessed rightly; if happier times ever come for me, they could only be with her."

Caron's eyes lighted up.

"That is well," he said, with a bright smile. Then, giving him the letters, "I had been about to post them," he said. "Will you leave them for me? They will be safer if they go by hand. You have done me good," he added. "I shall return home quietly."

Max left him at the turn of the street.

Is it chance, is it solemn fatality—by what name is one to call that flash of fate suddenly falling upon men as they journey on their way, which falls, without warning, irrevocable, undreamed of, rending the veil of life forever?

While Caron turned slowly homewards

to his quiet study, where old Madeleine was at work against his return, a mad crowd had gathered in an adjoining street, and was pursuing with cruel rage a wretched victim who flew along a narrow alley, and came rushing across the pavement upon which Caron was walking.

The victim, a *gendarme*, torn, wounded, bleeding in the temples, ran straight against Caron, and fell helpless at his knees, pursued by the yelling mob.

The old man seemed suddenly roused to a young man's strength of indignation, and flung himself before the victim.

"Stop!" he cried to the mob. "What are you doing? I am Caron. You know me. Let this man pass!"

For a moment, startled by his voice, his fearless, commanding look, they hung back; but out of the crowd a huge, half-drunk Communist came striding up, and putting out his hand with a tipsy chuckle tried to pull forward the poor, fainting wretch.

Caron pulled an official scarf from his pocket, and holding it up in his left hand, struck the man in the face with it.

"That man is drunk," Caron cried, appealing to the crowd; "and you people—you let yourselves be led by such as he?"

The people looked at the scarf, hesitated, began to murmur and make way, but the drunken leader, still chuckling and stupid, seized the miserable victim again.

"Let him go, I tell you," said Caron. "It is the will of the people."

"Silence! or I shoot you too!" cried the brute, pulling out a pistol, and aiming it at the fainting heap upon the pavement.

With the natural impulse of one so generous, the old man sprang forward to turn the arm, but he was too late. The pistol went off, and Caron fell back, silent, indeed, and forever.

The murderer, half-sobered, stood with his pistol confronting them all, as Caron had done a moment before, and then began to back slowly. The crowd wavered, and suddenly dispersed.

"Silence!" cry the blasphemers to those who from generation to generation, by love, by work, by their very being, testify to the truth. And the good man dies in his turn, but the truth he loved lives on. "There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them, their sound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world."



Susanna was spared the shock of reading this cruel story in the paper. Marney wrote to her, telling her of the event as he had heard it, simply, and without the comments he afterwards added in print.

To the papers this was but an incident in those awful times; the readers of M. Maxime du Camp's terrible volumes will find many and many such noted there; they will also find an episode curiously like one in which Max du Parc was (according to the *Daily Velocipede*) concerned, and which happened during the last of those terrible nights in which the flames raged and fought on the tide of madness in furious might and irresponsibility. "Was this the end of it — of the visions of that gentle old teacher of a gospel which was for him, and not for frenzied demons and desperate madmen?" thought Max, as he tried a short cut across the Carrousel, round which the flames were leaping madly. The gate into the Tuileries, by which he had come with Susanna once, was closed; he had to turn back and fight his way along the crowds and the ramparts of the Rue de Rivoli again, to the Ministère de la Marine, whither he was bound. Some weeks before, Caron's influence had appointed Max to some subordinate place under the Commune in the Ministère de la Marine. In his first natural fury and grief at his old friend's death, Du Parc's first impulse had been to wash his hands of the whole thing, the guilt and the wicked confusion, and to come away with the rest; then came the remembrance of that lifelong lesson of forbearance and tenacity; that strange sense — which some men call honor only — awoke; that will which keeps men at their guns, fighting for an unworthy cause in the front of an overwhelming force. Was it also some feeling of honest trust in himself which impelled Caron's disciple to stand to his post? He remained; protesting, shrewdly using every chance for right. He had been to the Central Committee now to protest in vain against the destruction of the building; it was full of sick people. He represented the lower rooms were used as hospital wards. "The sick people must be moved," yelled the chiefs; the fiat had gone forth. The Versailles had reached the Rondpoint of the Champs Elysées; they should find Paris a heap of charred remains before they entered her streets.

Max got back through the wild Saturnalia of the streets, where dishevelled women were dancing round the flames, and men, yelling and drunken, were howl-

ing out that the last day had come; he reached the Ministère at last, to find that a band of men were smearing the walls and staircases with petroleum, in readiness for the firing; while down below, with infinite pains and delays, the sick were being slowly moved from their shelter into the street. In vain the Communists swore and raged at the delay; slowly, and more slowly, did the doctor and his nurses get through their arduous work. Max saw at a glance what was in their minds — to delay long enough was to save the place, for the Versailles were within a quarter of an hour's march, and once they were there all danger would be over. "Good God!" said the poor doctor in an undertone, wiping his perspiring brow; "why don't they come on? Will they wait till doomsday?"

Max shrugged his shoulders as he went on, looking in for a moment at the band of incendiaries sitting gloomily drinking in a small room or office, where they were awaiting their summons, and the news that the hospital wards were evacuated.

Du Parc climbed on, and went and stood upon a flat terrace on the roof, from which he could see the heavens alight with the lurid glare of the flames now bursting from every side. To the right the Rue Royale was burning; to the left, on the other side of the waters, which repeated the flames, the whole of the Rue de Lille was in a blaze. Close at hand the offices of the Finance were burning; the Tuileries were an ocean of flame. At his feet was the Place de la Concorde, silent, deserted, covered with wrecks, with broken statues and monuments; beyond the Place de la Concorde lay the sombre green of the Champs Elysées, showing here and there some faintly twinkling bivouac fire.

Suddenly, as he looked, his brain reeled, then he put his hands to his head, and tears came into his eyes and seemed to save him. The clock below struck the hour; for a moment he hesitated, then his resolution was taken. He made certain observations, and down the stairs by which he had come hurried back. When he reached the door of the room where the Communists were still sitting, he passed his fingers through his hair; he tore open his shirt; he had deliberately smeared his hands in some black cinders lying in a heap on the roof, and with his fingers he now blackened his face, and flinging violently open the door, hurried in, crying out the terrible password of those sad times: "We are betrayed! We are be-



trayed! The Versailles are upon us; they have surrounded us. Stop not; that way I will lead you," he cried, as the men rose half scared, half drunk, looking for an exit. "Follow me," he cried, flying up the stairs once more, and turning by the upper passages to the lofts and back garrets, he left them, promising to return. Shutting a heavy door upon them, he double-locked them in. When he hurried down to the ground floor, he found that three wounded men only were lying on the ground, ready to be carried out.

"You can take your time," he said to the doctor; "the incendiaries are up stairs, under lock and key."

The doctor immediately gave the word to his assistants, and the wounded, who had been carried out with infinite pain and patience, were now brought back again, and were there in their places when the Versailles marched in an hour later.

#### CHAPTER XL. IN A TOY-SHOP.

WHEN the flames were extinguished, when the great panic was subsiding, then came the day of reprisals, and the unhappy Parisians, who, after enduring so much with patience, had broken out in their madness, now fell under the scourge once more. Perhaps nothing during the war, not even the crazed monstrosities of the desperate Commune, has ever been more heart-breaking to hear of than the accounts of the cold-blooded revenge of the Versailles.

Again we must refer our readers to the *Daily Velocipede*, in the columns of which Max was reported to be among the condemned prisoners, but Susy was surprised and reassured by an ambiguous letter, which reached her at Crowbeck Place, from no less well-informed a person than Mr. Bagginal of the English embassy.

"I have executed your commission," so it began. (Susy had not given Mr. Bagginal any commission, and she turned the letter over in some surprise.) "I am sending you the photographs of the ruins and of Paris, that you wished for in its present changed aspect. I hope also to have some pen and ink etchings to forward at the same time. They are by our companion of last year, who has been doing some very good work lately, though he complains of the light of his present studio; he hopes, however, to be able to remove before long to some more commodious quarters. If you should like any more of the drawings, you can always or-

der them from a toy-shop in the Brompton Road, which I believe you and Miss Phrasie are sometimes in the habit of patronizing. Pray present my compliments to that young lady, and tell her I shall bring over some bonbons when I next come. They are making them now of chocolate, in the shape of cannon balls and of shells, filled with vanilla creams, which I assure you are excellent. Believe me, dear Mrs. Dymond, always most faithfully yours,

"C. E. BAGGINAL."

The photographs arrived by the next post, and with them a sketch of the well-remembered studio in the villa, and another very elaborately finished drawing of a dark box room in Mr. Bagginal's lodgings, where the artist must have spent a good many hours; the third drawing was a slight sketch of the little shop front in the Brompton Road, with Mrs. Barry's name over the doorway. Susy recognized it at once, for she had been there and had often heard of the place from Max himself.

Two days afterwards Susy, with Caron's packet in her hand, was driving along Knightsbridge towards the little shop in a strangely anxious and excited frame of mind.

It seemed to her as if all the toys were feeling for her as she stood there—the dolls with their goggle blue eyes, the little donkeys and horses, the sheep with their pink and blue ribbons. They all seemed compassionate and to be making mute signs; she saw the little trumpets in their places and the sugar-candy stores; she could have bought up the whole shopful, but the little assemblage would not have seemed the same to her in any other place. Here in the suburban street, with the carts passing and repassing, hospitals, buildings, the quiet little shop haunted by the children's smiling faces seemed to shrink away from the busy stream outside; all the dolls seemed to put up their leather arms in deprecation, crying, "Don't come in here, we belong to peaceful toy-land, we have to do with children only, not with men." The woman who kept the shop had left the parlor door open, and Susy could see the window and the old London garden beyond, the square panes with autumn creepers peeping through.

The woman of the shop came out from her parlor, and Susy with faltering lips asked her if she could give her any news of M. du Parc. "I have some papers

which I want to send him," said Mrs. Dymond.

"I will call him, ma'am," said the woman very quietly; "he came last night;" and almost as she was speaking the door opened and Max was there.

Clap your pink arms, oh goggle eyes; play, musical boxes; ring, penny trumpets; turn, cart wheels, and let the happy lovers meet!

Two more people are made happy in this careworn world; they are together, and what more do they want!

Du Parc had escaped, although his name was on the list of those attainted. Mr. Bagginal could perhaps, if he chose, give the precise details of the young man's evasion from the box room where he had spent so many dull days. Mr. Bagginal sent him with a letter to Mr. Vivian, that good friend of art and liberty. I know not if it was Sir Frederick, or Sir George, or Sir John to whom he, Mr. Vivian, in turn introduced Du Parc on his arrival, with cordial deeds and words of help and commendation. He was bidden to leave his toy-shop and take up his abode with the Vivians for a time, and work and make his way in the London world. His admirable etchings of Mrs. Vivian and her two daughters first brought him into notice and repute; they were followed by the publication of that etching already mentioned of a beautiful young woman gazing at a statue. Du Parc was able, fortunately, to earn from the very first; later he had more money than he knew what to do with. Mr. White more than once had occasion to acknowledge with thanks communications which passed between Max and Susy and his own particular branch of the society for the organization of the relief of distress.

The papers, of which he had not at first realized the importance, and which Susanna brought him, contained, besides many theories and verses half finished, a duly signed will which very materially affected Max's future prospects. Caron had left him his heir and executor, his trustee for his works and his men. It is true the old man's fortune had been greatly reduced by late events and by the expenses of his establishment, but his houses were standing still, his machinery and his workshops were still there — most of the workmen had clung to the enterprise in which they had a personal stake — and though it was not possible for Max, an unwilling exile, to return to France, yet Adolphe was found capable and able to replace him for the time on the spot.

Micky and Dermv, it was hoped, would be in time able to take their share in the management of the works.

When the general amnesty was proclaimed about four years ago Max was once more free to return to France. Susy, most certainly would not like to leave England altogether, but she is glad to go from time to time to the white house among the poplar trees in the little village near the paper mills. Les Saules is a happy meeting-house for her English friends, and there upon the iron bench by the shining glass ball in the garden sits old Madame du Parc from Avignon admiring her northern grandchildren.

They come up in a little file headed by Phrasie, who is perhaps also dragging a little Bolsover by the hand. They are laughing and singing as they come along,

Promenons-nous dans les bois,  
Pendant que le loup n'y est pas,

sing the children's voices taking up that song of childhood and innocent joy which reaches from generation to generation, which no sorrow, no disaster, will ever silence while this world rolls on.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### A VISIT TO TSUSIMA: AN INCIDENT OF RUSSIAN AGGRESSION.

THE principle upon which the foreign policy of England seems to have been based of late years is, that a war with any foreign power is out of the category of possible events, and that to take ordinary precautions against the aggressive tendencies of our neighbors is to manifest an unjust suspicion towards them. Thus we have allowed Russia to advance to the walls of Herat; to tear up the clause of the Treaty of 1856, which prohibited her from covering the Black Sea with her fleets; to obtain possession of Batoum, which she is now quietly fortifying in defiance of treaty; to creep down the coast of Manchuria to the borders of the Corea, and to annex the island of Saghalien. The next aggression proposed in this direction is indicated in the following paragraph, taken from the *Times* of the 2d of September:—

RUSSIA IN THE COREA.—German papers publish the following extract from the *Vladivostok*—a journal published in the seaport of the same name at the extreme southern corner of the Russian Asiatic coast:—"The importance of Vladivostok as a seaport is seriously affected by the fact that it is frozen in winter.

Hence the opinion has been gaining ground that either Port Lazarev, in Corea, or the island of Quelpaert ( $33^{\circ} 11'$  N. lat.), or that of Tsusima ( $34^{\circ} 40'$  N. lat.), should be substituted for Vladivostock. As to Port Lazarev, it is by no means certain that it is free from ice all the year round; and, what is of greater moment, it would be necessary to take possession of about the half of the Korean peninsula in order to secure undisturbed occupation of the port—a proceeding certain to provoke the enmity of Japan. The situation of Quelpaert is excellent, but unfortunately there is not a good haven in the island. The island of Tsusima was visited about 1860 by the Russian frigate *Possadnik*, and the Russian flag was hoisted but subsequently withdrawn. It is some 600 miles distant from our own territory, and so could not well be made a basis of operations. It would seem, therefore, unavoidable to preserve Vladivostock as the base of all serious operations; but to occupy and fortify Tsusima as a marine station well armed and provisioned. It would thus help to make good some of the drawbacks of Vladivostock." In connection with this suggestion, it may be mentioned that the island of Tsusima is Japanese territory, and could not be occupied except with the consent of the Government of Japan.

It is to be remarked that the last sentence is the comment of the German paper, and does not form part of the quotation from the *Vladivostok*.

As it may be of interest to your readers to know the circumstances under which Tsusima was visited by the Russian frigate *Possadnik*, and the Russian flag was hoisted on that island but subsequently withdrawn, I will venture to narrate them. The incident, however, took place in 1861, and not in the previous year, as erroneously stated in the Russian paper. It was in the month of August, almost immediately after the attack which had been made upon the British Legation at Yedo by a band of Japanese assassins, that intelligence reached it of the occupation of the island of Tsusima by Russia, in violation of the treaties which guaranteed the territorial integrity of Japan.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, then British minister in Japan, accordingly despatched me to that little-known island in H.M.S. *Ringdove*, to inquire into the truth of the rumor; Admiral Hope proceeding thither at the same time in his flag-ship, to render such assistance and advice as might seem necessary. The timidity of the Japanese government at the time was so great that they declined to give us any official assistance, for fear of becoming embroiled with Russia, and I was obliged to proceed to Nagasaki for the purpose

of picking up an interpreter. It is about one hundred and fifty miles from that port to Tsusima; and on the morning following our departure from Nagasaki we found ourselves in sight of the island, its twin peaks rising to a height of from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet, heavily timbered to their summits, with here and there a clearing and a wreath of smoke, indicating the presence of a scattered population. We were approaching the island from the south east, and were in entire ignorance of its ports or centres of habitation. We knew that it was the territory of a prince or *daimio*, and we presumed that it must have a capital, so we sent a boat on shore as we neared a fishing hamlet, to ask the way to it. In pursuance of the directions thus received, we continued steaming for a couple of hours along the south-eastern shores of the island, and were much struck by its evident fertility, its fine forests, and pretty scenery, as we opened up one wooded valley after another. Suddenly we came upon a small semicircular harbor, affording an admirable shelter for country craft, with a narrow entrance between projecting wooded bluffs. At the head of this little haven, and skirting its shore, was the town of Fatchio, a place containing possibly from thirty to forty thousand inhabitants, and the residence of the *daimio*, whose palace, I was afterwards informed, was about two miles distant.

We did not go much beyond the mouth of the harbor, being entirely ignorant of its depth of water and the character of the anchorage; and I immediately went on shore to open up communication with the inhabitants. This, however, did not prove a very easy matter. First, some petty officials came down and warned us off. Finding that we paid no attention to their gesticulations, and insisted on landing, they retreated a few yards as we jumped on shore, forming, with the assistance of a crowd which had now joined them, a semicircle at a distance of a few yards, without manifesting any signs of hostility, but with the apparent intention of amiably and good-naturedly barring our way, should we attempt to go into the town. Our interpreter now commenced a parley, the result of which was, that we were shown into a pretty little wooden erection like a summer-house, on the margin of the sea, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the town, and requested to wait there until our arrival and wishes were reported in the proper quarter. Here we were objects of interest to an

admiring crowd, principally composed of small boys, for more than an hour, when a messenger returned with the information that the officials refused to receive me, and requested me to return on board the ship, and leave them in peace. This I positively declined to do. As it was now getting on towards the afternoon, I said that so far from complying with their wishes, I intended to send for my meals and sleeping arrangements, and live in the summer-house — which at that time of year formed delightfully cool quarters — if necessary, for a week. I explained that my patience was inexhaustible, that my time was unlimited, and that I had the less scruple in forcing myself upon their hospitality, as I should ask them for nothing, not even for protection, as I should make arrangements for a guard of blue-jackets to be permanently stationed on shore for my protection. Whereas, if the prince would accord me an interview, it would probably not last an hour, and we should relieve them of our presence the same evening. The messenger hurried off on hearing the disagreeable alternative I had proposed, and in less than an hour I saw that it had produced its effect; for a *norimon*, or native palanquin, appeared on the strand, being hurried along on the shoulders of its bearers, and containing a two-sworded official of a very different rank from the humble functionary with whom I had hitherto been in communication. He was accompanied by a man of a lower grade, and for a minute or two we vied with each other in the lowliness of our bows and the *empressement* of our salutations. Then, with many apologies and compliments, I was informed that the daimio was too ill to receive me; and in order to convince me that this was no sham illness contrived for the occasion, many details were entered into which were quite unnecessary, for they in no degree removed my suspicions. However, I finally consented to an interview with his first minister instead; but inasmuch as our appearance in the harbor had, according to my informant, already produced great consternation in the town, and as the peace of mind of the inhabitants would be still further disturbed by the presence of a foreigner in their streets, an event hitherto unknown, and as the building in which I was to be received lay at the other extremity of the town, I was requested to agree to the hour for the meeting being fixed for midnight. I was perfectly well aware that this was only an excuse for preventing me from seeing the town or

its inhabitants; but I was too well satisfied at having succeeded so far to raise any objection — and after a further interchange of polite ceremony, I returned to the ship, having spent nearly four hours in the summer-house.

The view in Fatchio Bay as the sun set was enchanting; the heavy vegetation coming in places to the water's edge, in others clambering over rocks that rose precipitously from the sea, the prettily situated little town nestling among its gardens along the shore, the wooded slopes cut up into cultivated valleys and rising to a peak nearly two thousand feet above the sea, — all formed a prospect that confirmed the good taste of the Russians in selecting the island for annexation.

In my interview with the official, although pressed to state the reasons of my visit, I had absolutely declined to do so to any one except the prince himself or the minister he might depute to receive me; so that doubtless the curiosity of the authorities was raised to the highest pitch, and the mysterious nature of my proceedings was calculated not a little to excite their suspicions; but this I considered a lesser evil than prematurely to reveal the object of my mission. About eleven o'clock the glimmer of Japanese lanterns at the summer-house told me that my escort had arrived to conduct me to the place of meeting, and that the natives intended to keep faith with me, in regard to which I had been in considerable doubt. I therefore put off for the shore, accompanied by the captain of the Ringdove and another boat containing a guard of a dozen blue-jackets, as it was not considered wise to make a midnight promenade through an unknown town totally unattended; moreover, I considered it advisable to invest the whole proceeding with as much importance as possible.

There were, as far as I remember, about twenty *samourai*, or retainers of the prince, with two or three *norimons* in waiting, and they looked rather timidly and suspiciously at the blue-jackets as they jumped on shore and formed in line; and indeed the leading official, who was the same with whom I had already had an interview, informed me that their presence was quite unnecessary. But on this point I differed with him; and refusing to ensconce myself in a *norimon*, from which I should have failed to see even the little that was visible in the dark, I started off on foot, between two files of sailors, on my novel expedition.

It is difficult to judge distance at night

except by time; but as we walked for more than half an hour, the distance traversed must have been at least two miles. More than half of this was through the straggling town, along narrow streets absolutely deserted. Every house had been closed by order, no living soul was to be seen, not even a light glimmered through the shutters. It was a brilliantly clear, starlight night, so that I could see enough to observe that the place differed in no respect from an ordinary Japanese third-class town; so we tramped silently along, the stillness only occasionally disturbed by the barking of a dog, until we emerged into what seemed a straggling suburb, when we turned suddenly into a gateway, went along a short avenue, and entered a building the external characteristics of which I have forgotten, if, indeed, it was light enough to see them; and so along a passage, the walls of which were formed of paper screens, to an apartment in which stood a group of two-sworded officials. One of these, who proved to be the first minister himself, now advanced to receive me. He was an agreeable, intelligent-looking man of about five-and-forty, very dignified and self-possessed in manner, and altogether a good specimen of his race. After introducing me to his colleagues, of whom there were four, if I remember rightly, forming, I imagine, a sort of privy council to the prince, I was conducted into another long, narrow room, the walls of which were also of paper, and which had evidently been arranged with the idea of meeting the requirements of foreign taste. Down the centre of this room was a long, low table, about two feet broad and twenty feet long, covered with red cloth, and on both sides were high benches, almost as high as the table, also covered with red cloth. The first minister invited me to sit at the head of this table, which I declined to do unless he sat by my side. This point of etiquette decided, the other functionaries, the captain and one or two officers of the Ring-dove, seated themselves, and tea was brought in. In the centre of the table was the usual smoking arrangement, looking not unlike an inkstand, with a receptacle for the tobacco on one side, a fire-ball on the other, a pot to receive the ashes of the pipes in the middle, and the pipes themselves, with their diminutive bowls, lying like pins in the tray. As it only takes two whiffs to smoke a pipe, one smokes at least twenty in the course of a moderate visit. If my hosts were anxious to know the nature of my business,

they manifested no impatience. We drank several small cups of tea, smoked several pipes, and made a great many inane and complimentary remarks, before I felt that I could approach the subject at issue, which I did at last with the incidental observation that I believed we were not the first strangers who had come to Tsusima, but that they had already had a visit from the Russians. To my surprise the minister opened his eyes with well-feigned astonishment, and made the interpreter repeat the remark, as though he must have misunderstood it.

"No," he said, when it was repeated; "no Russians have ever been here."

I was fairly nonplussed.

"Will you explain to him," I said to the interpreter, "that I have had positive information that the Russians are now in Tsusima, and I have come here to see if it is true?"

"It is not true," he said; "they are not here, and have never been here."

This was the promising way in which our interview began. It lasted for more than two hours. At the expiration of that time, I had, as the result of a laborious confidence-inspiring process, into the details of which it is not necessary to enter, extracted from this same discreet and reticent functionary the fact that the Russians had been established in the island for six months; that they had built houses for themselves; that they had had a fight with the inhabitants, in the course of which one of the latter had been killed; and that the prince and all his court were living in a chronic state of panic and despair. My informant further admitted that they had been desired by the Russians to keep their presence in the island a secret, under penalty of the gravest consequences; and that the reason he had denied that they were here was from the dread of punishment. Nothing could exceed the delight and gratitude manifested by all present at the prospect of being relieved of the presence of these unwelcome visitors; but they were still too timid to compromise themselves by giving us a guide to lead us to where they were. All they would say was, that if we went round to the other side of the island we should find a large harbor, and if we looked for them there we should find them. At that time this island had not been surveyed, and so our expedition partook largely of the character of one of exploration. The dawn was almost breaking when our nocturnal interview came to an end; but the streets were still silent, and the houses



still hermetically sealed, as we passed between them once more on our way back to the ship.

Steaming out of Fatchio harbor, we coasted round the southern end of the island and along its western shore. As we did so, the highlands of the Corea were distinctly visible, and one could not but be struck with the commanding position which this island occupies strategically, situated as it is in the centre of the straits which separate the Corea from Japan, and which afford access into the Yellow Sea. We had coasted along half the length of the island, which is about sixty miles long, when we observed a large opening, as though it were divided in the middle by straits, and into this we steamed. To our amazement we found ourselves in a perfect labyrinth of lanes of water. In every direction, to the right and left and in front of us, there spread an intricate network of deep, narrow channels, divided by rocky promontories clothed with heavy timber. Large forest trees sprang from the water's edge, twining their huge roots among the rocks, and drooping their foliage into the water. It was so deep even close to the shore that it was difficult to find anchorage; and our excitement was so great, in our desire to explore this strange and unknown water retreat, that we were off in boats before the anchor was down. We found as we paddled along these singular channels that we were in a harbor in which whole fleets might be concealed from observation—hidden away, so to speak, among the trees. Here and there the inlets expanded, so as to form capacious harbors, again narrowing, often to a breadth of scarce a hundred yards. There was no sign of human habitation anywhere; the only evidence of man were two Buddhist or Sintoo shrines, perched upon pinnacles of rock under the shade of huge, wide-spreading trees, and approached by rock-cut steps. For hours we pulled about in this magnificent haven, never tired of wondering at its capacity, its safety from storms, its freedom from dangers to navigation, the extraordinary beauty of the scenery by which it was surrounded, the richness of the vegetation, and the absolute calm and stillness which seemed to brood over the whole landscape.

But all this time we saw nothing of the Russians. We passed from one deep creek into another, over the glassy surface of the water, only to exchange their unbroken solitudes, and to find some new and unexpected channel winding off in

some fresh direction. At last, in one of these, our attention was suddenly attracted by some tapering spars that seemed to shoot out of the branches of a tree; and rounding a corner, we came upon the Russian frigate, moored literally, stem and stern, to the branches of a pair of forest giants, and with a plank-way to the shore.

If we were startled to come upon her thus unexpectedly, our surprise can have been nothing to that of those on board at seeing an English man-of-war's boat pull into the sort of pirate's cove in which they had stowed themselves away. Indeed, the Russian captain afterwards told me that he had been so long in solitude that he could scarcely believe his eyes when we burst thus suddenly upon them, like visitants from some other world. However, he was too much of a gentleman to betray anything but pleasure and apparent gratification at receiving me, when I stepped upon his deck and introduced myself. He at once invited me most hospitably to his cabin; and while he entertained me with refreshments, we spent a few minutes in some very amusing diplomatic fencing. He was here, he said, for hydrographical purposes, and had made a survey of the island, in obedience to instructions. Looking out of the cabin window, from which was visible a frame-house with a barn-yard, in which was a cow and some poultry, I asked him if he combined agriculture with hydrography, as the one pursuit implied a more protracted visit to the island than the other. He admitted that he had been here for more than six months; that his survey was finished, but that he had received instructions to remain till further orders; and that, to pass away the time, and make himself comfortable, he was doing a little farming. I then went on shore to see his establishment. He had got a hospital for the sick, from which a Russian flag was flying, a dairy and poultry-yard, a Russian steam-bath, and a little cottage, in which to vary his residence from ship-board. There was a vegetable garden, and all the signs of a very comfortable little naval settlement, at least so far as it was possible for the crew of one frigate to make one. I gently hinted at the existence of treaties and so forth; but he said that he was a sailor, and not a diplomatist, and knew nothing about them. All he knew were his orders. He denied that he had had any dispute of importance with the natives, with whom, he declared, he was on very good terms—though, as their near-



est village was at some distance, he saw very little of them.

The captain of the Possadnik turned out such a charming companion, and seemed so delighted to have his monotony varied even by an inquisitive *diplomat*, that I was quite sorry when the lateness of the hour warned me that I must return to my own ship, in which, as I explained to him, I should be absent for a day, so that it would be useless for him to attempt to return my visit at once, which, however, I promised to repeat. That night we steamed out to the offing, where the admiral was cruising in his flagship, and the next morning I went on board and reported my discovery. Soon after the admiral transferred himself to the Ringdove, and we steamed back to Tsusima harbor, finally bringing her to Russian Cove, as we had named the Possadnik's settlement.

The Russian captain now came and called and dined with us, and we discussed the situation in the most amicable manner; the result at which we arrived being, that the admiral should himself go to Olga Bay on the coast of Manchuria, at which port the Russian admiral then was, and present the diplomatic view of the situation to that functionary, obtaining from him the necessary orders for the evacuation of the island by the Possadnik and her crew. The captain of that ship assured the admiral that he would receive these orders with delight, as he was heartily sick of his exile.

Meantime our surveying parties had not been idle. It was found that the harbor or sound in which we were nearly divided the island into two; a narrow strip of land, not half a mile wide, alone connecting the northern with the southern half, each section being about thirty miles long and from fifteen to twenty broad. I had no means of ascertaining the amount of the population; but as the island is very fertile, and is well peopled in parts, it probably contains over a hundred thousand inhabitants. From the wooded heights of Tsusima Sound the Corea is very plainly visible, and, in those days the inhabitants of Tsusima maintained more intercourse with that country than did any other part of Japan. The climate in summer was perfect, and even in winter it is extremely mild.

Here, as the Russian paper observes, there is no fear of frost closing the harbor, which would form one of the finest naval stations in the world; while the agricultural and other resources of the isl-

and itself would make it a most valuable acquisition to any power which might be lucky enough to obtain possession of it. Fortunately the Japanese are fully alive to its importance; and under existing treaties it could only be obtained possession of by an act of war, as the Japanese government would certainly refuse to part with it for any pecuniary consideration, and the powers which have treaties with Japan are pledged to ensure its integrity as against each other. From the cool way in which the Russian paper mentions the possible annexation of the island, no objections on this score seem to have occurred to it. "It would seem, therefore," it says, "unavoidable to preserve Vladivostock as the base of all serious operations; but to occupy and fortify Tsusima as a marine station well armed and provisioned." By being thoroughly forewarned of this intention, the powers interested may possibly make it "avoidable;" and it would certainly be a gross breach of faith on their part towards Japan to allow the harbor to be occupied by force. The extreme importance of it to Russia as a winter naval station is indicated by the remarks of the Russian paper; while there is no power more interested than England in preventing Russia from having a port in the Eastern seas open in winter. Our undefended colonies, our enormous commercial interests, would render resistance to such an act a necessary measure of self-preservation in the case of any European power; but it is doubly so with Russia, of whose aggressive tendencies, unhindered by scruple of any sort, we have recently had such ample testimony. Every nation is entitled to consider an aggressive act of another nation, even though it is not immediately directed against its own territory, a *casus belli*. Thus, if the Russians chose to declare war against England for occupying Port Hamilton, we should have no cause to complain. It is a strategic measure which will undoubtedly strengthen our position against her in time of war; and she is entitled to regard it as of hostile intent even in time of peace. It is simply a question as to whether it is worth her while to go to war about it — and she decides that it is not. But the danger to England of Tsusima in Russian hands is far greater than the danger to Russia of Port Hamilton in English hands; and it may be more economical for England to make the occupation of Tsusima by Russia a *casus belli* now, than to wait till she has turned it into an impregnable naval

station, in which immense fleets could lie in safety, and from which her cruisers could issue at all seasons of the year to prey upon our commerce and bombard our colonies. That the annexation of this island is as much part of the programme of her government as the annexations of Khiva and Merv have formerly been, there is not the smallest doubt. Their first attempt to effect a quiet and unobtrusive occupation was, fortunately, frustrated in the manner above described. Admiral Hope at once steamed off to Olga Bay, and the result of his communication with the Russian admiral was an order for the immediate evacuation of Tsusima by the Possadnik.

I have thought that this slight narrative of the circumstances under which, in the words of the *Vladivostok*, "the Russian flag was hoisted but subsequently withdrawn" from the island of Tsusima, might be a hint not thrown away in view of future contingencies.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

From The National Review.

#### THE OPIUM-POPPY CULTIVATION OF BENGAL.

A NEW account of the origin of opium is to be found in the Folk-tales of Bengal, which have been recently published by the Rev. Lal Behari Day, one of the professors of the Hooghly College in Bengal. A certain *rishi*, or holy sage, who dwelt on the banks of the Ganges, had a favorite mouse, which he changed, first into a cat, next into a dog, thirdly into an ape, then into a wild boar, next into an elephant, and finally into a beautiful girl, to whom he gave the name of Postomani, or the poppy-seed lady. Of course this beautiful girl married the king of the country. But their happiness was short-lived. Postomani fell into a well, and was drowned. The king was inconsolable. Then the holy sage appeared and said: "Oh, king! grieve not for the past. What is fixed by fate must come to pass. The queen who has just been drowned was not of royal blood. She was born a mouse; I then changed her successively, at her own wish, into a cat, a dog, an ape, a boar, an elephant, and a beautiful girl. Now that she is gone, take again your former queen into favor. As for my reputed daughter, I will make her name immortal. Let her body remain in the well, and fill the well up with earth. Out of her flesh and bones

will grow a tree, which shall be called, after her, Posto, that is, the poppy-tree. From this tree will be obtained a drug called opium, which will be celebrated as a powerful medicine through all ages, and will always be either swallowed or smoked as a wonderful narcotic to the end of time. The opium swallower, or smoker, will have one quality of each of the animals to which Postomani was transformed. He will be mischievous like a rat, fond of milk like a cat, quarrelsome like a dog, filthy like an ape, savage like a boar, and high-tempered like a queen." This mythical narrative is presented to the reader for such value as he may be pleased to assign to it. Possibly it may find some merit in the eyes of the Society for the Suppression of Opium, as it shows that the opium consumer is likely to suffer from the evil appetites which were acquired by Postomani in the course of her animal transmutations, although these bad qualities are partly mitigated by the love of milk, and by the possibility of attaining the high temper of a queen. It is, however, not altogether in conformity with the ordinary notions and traditions regarding opium, that the consumer of the drug should be mischievous, quarrelsome, filthy, and savage.

Very few persons in England seem to be aware that the poppies growing in their own gardens will produce opium. When the bright scarlet or white petals of the poppy flower have fallen off, and left the seed-bearing capsule bare, if any one will take a knife, and make an incision into the capsule, a viscous juice will exude. That juice is opium. It differs in different countries, and in different plants, in certain chemical qualities; but the opium of commerce should consist only of this juice, manipulated in a particular manner, and entirely free from any foreign substance. Although the poppy will grow in almost every country and climate, it is in certain parts of India that it has been most carefully and extensively cultivated, so as to produce an amount of opium which forms an important item in the finance and revenue of the British Empire in India. There is also a large and increasing cultivation of the poppy in Persia. And it has been ascertained that in China the government edicts for the suppression of the growth of the poppy receive very little obedience, so long as the Chinese find that a very large profit is to be made by the cultivation of the plant.

The Indian opium revenue is derived from two sources. One is known as

Malwa opium, the other as Bengal opium. The Malwa opium is produced in the native states of central India, and is exported from Bombay. The British government levies a revenue from it by a system of export passes, which are regulated in value so as to keep the price of Malwa opium on a certain proportionate level with Bengal opium. The British government has nothing to do with the cultivation of Malwa opium, but merely taxes it at the highest amount which it can safely impose. It is not proposed to treat further of Malwa opium at present. Bengal opium is the produce of the poppy, as cultivated in certain districts of Behar and the north-west provinces of Bengal, under the direct superintendence of government agents and other officers appointed for the purpose. Much has already been written about Bengal opium, but there is a present reason for writing a little more. A report has recently been drawn up, which brings the most copious and detailed information regarding Bengal opium up to the latest date. Although the motto *quieta non movere* is markedly the rule in the opium department, the local government of India has a wholesome habit of subjecting all its own recognized institutions to periodical inquiry and revision, and the time arrived when it was the turn of the opium department to be examined and dissected by the members of a special commission, who in due course submitted their report to government.

The three eminent members of the civil service, who formed the commission, appear to have approached the inquiry without any personal prejudice, or any previously acquired deep knowledge of the opium department. It was their duty to inform themselves about it, and to form their opinion on the information acquired. Their report, therefore, contains a very complete and minute display of every particular connected with opium, from the planting of the poppy seed, to the sale of the drug to the merchants who buy it for export to China and the Straits Settlements. The report is, as usual, ponderous, and not likely to be attractive to the ordinary reader. But it will be our object to extract from it certain information, some of which may be novel and interesting to the English public. It will therefore be convenient to follow the commissioners through the four general headings into which they have divided the report. First, administration; secondly, production; thirdly, manufacture and disposal; fourthly, results.

Administration is a large and comprehensive term. The agency by which the affairs of opium are administered may be likened to a co-operative society, or a company of shareholders, in which the power of doing what is needed is not always quite in conformity with the knowledge of what should be done. First, we have the secretary of state for India and his council; secondly, there are the viceroy of India and his council; thirdly, come the lieutenant governor of Bengal and his secretaries; fourthly, we arrive at the Calcutta Board of Revenue; fifthly, there are the opium agents; and sixthly, there are the deputy opium agents. It is easy to see that in this chain of agency the power to command lies in the upper links, whilst the practical knowledge on many points is to be found in the lower links. The secretary of state and the viceroy ought to have a superior knowledge of the financial and political aspect of the workings of the department, but for the practical conduct of the business of the manufacture the soundest knowledge is to be found towards the bottom of the executive chain. It is chiefly by the skill and diligence of the deputy opium agent that the cultivators under his control may be encouraged to produce thirty pounds of opium where they had previously given twenty pounds per acre. And this difference of ten pounds an acre will have a very considerable influence on the annual financial results of the department.

It is unnecessary to say more of the secretary of state for India, except that, after an interval of about two years, he reviews the proceedings of the department, which have by that time become ancient history. The viceroy of India and his financial advisers are apt to be more meddlesome. They issue peremptory, and sometimes inconsistent orders as to the number of chests of opium to be sold in the ensuing year, or as to the extension or contraction of the area of land to be cultivated with the poppy, or as to the price to be paid to the cultivators for the opium produced by them. The orders of the government of India are communicated to the lieutenant governor of Bengal. With few exceptions, the lieutenant governors of Bengal have been innocent of any previous knowledge about opium; but this does not always debar them from issuing orders, as may hereafter be shown, pregnant with mischief. The lieutenant governor of Bengal is almost entirely dependent on the Board of Revenue for information about opium. The

member of the board who takes opium under his special care, would be much wanting in the discharge of his duty if he did not acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the opium department. It is his pleasure and his duty to go to the opium factories and consult with the agents regarding all the minutiae of their work; and it is his own fault if he is not thoroughly acquainted with everything connected with the cultivation of the poppy and the manufacture of opium. The opium agent is the little local king in his own department. There are two agents, one at Patna, and the other at Ghazipore, where the headquarters of the Benares agency are established. The chief nominal duty of the agent consists in controlling his deputy agents and his own principal assistant, but he is held personally responsible for everything in his charge. Each agent has an officer styled his principal assistant, an experienced chemist, chosen from the government medical service, who is immediately responsible for the chemical purity and soundness of the manufactured opium. The deputy agents are the officers who look after the actual cultivators in the districts in which the poppy is cultivated. Each deputy agent is usually supported by an English assistant, and he has a strong force of native subordinates, of different ranks and titles and emoluments, who assist him in his dealings with the actual cultivators of the poppy. Perhaps under the definition of a co-operative society it may be permissible to include the native husbandman, or ryot, on whose land the poppy is cultivated. It would, however, have hardly been correct to include him under the title of administration, seeing that he is the party whose affairs are chiefly administered by the different orders of the official hierarchy to whom he is subject.

The commissioners in their report have drawn a lifelike picture of the proceedings of the actual cultivators at the different stages of their business. The cultivator is usually the owner tenant of land. He belongs to a family which for past generations has lived by devoting part of their land to the cultivation of the poppy. He knows all the hereditary traditions of the business, and how the largest quantity of produce may be derived from the smallest area of ground. He probably knows also many tricks and devices for doing what he ought not to do, but it is inexpedient to allude further to these. It being the intention of this individual to devote a por-

tion of his paternal acres to the cultivation of the poppy, what course is he to adopt? He is only one of a certain band of brethren, or friends, or neighbors, in the same village who have the same intentions. All these, having taken counsel together, arrange with their representative foreman to obtain from the deputy agent of the district (firstly) a license to cultivate the poppy and (secondly) an advance of money to enable them to undertake the cultivation. There is a time duly fixed and notified by the deputy agent at which intending cultivators are to come to him, and give information as to the land which they mean to cultivate, and to receive an advance of money in part payment of the expected produce of their fields. According to the strict letter of the law regarding opium, a separate contract should be made by the deputy opium agent with each individual cultivator, but in practice it is found convenient for the cultivators to deal through a representative foreman in whom they have confidence. There is, of course, an Indian name and title for the representative foreman, but it is the safest plan to eschew all Indian names, as they differ, even in this instance, in the two agencies of Behar and Benares.

The second head into which the commissioners have divided their report is — production. In connection with this branch of the subject they have submitted an interesting account of the earlier times when Bengal opium was threatened by the rivalry of Turkey opium, which was imported into China *via* Singapore, and by the competition in the China market of the opium imported direct from the native states of central India, where cultivation was formerly unrestricted and almost untaxed. But Turkey opium failed to suit the palate of the Chinese, and the opium of the native states of central India was taxed by the British government under the name of Malwa opium, so as to contribute its full share to the revenue of the government of India. Henceforth the production of opium in Bengal continued to increase, and the commissioners have given a comparative statement showing how the cultivation in the Benares agency had grown from about four thousand acres in 1800 to about one hundred and fifty thousand acres in 1880-81. The earlier figures for 1800 cannot be given for the Patna (or Behar) agency, but the area in 1840-41 was about fifty-six thousand acres, and in 1880-81 it had risen to about one hundred and fifty thousand acres. It has been already mentioned that advances of

money are made to the cultivators of the poppy. The main points of the system of dealing with the cultivators have not varied greatly during the century. It is curious to note that in the early days of opium the advances were made chiefly in gold, only payments under four rupees being made in silver. The Behar agent wrote to the Board of Trade in 1797: "I have the pleasure to say that though I get money slowly, I am able to keep the cultivators in good humor, but I have a hard task to cram so much gold down their throats." It is hardly necessary to say that in the present day all advances are made in silver.

The commissioners tell us that there is usually only one license granted for the cultivation of poppy in each village. The average area under each license is only five acres, and this area is distributed among twenty cultivators. In round numbers the area under poppy cultivation in the Benares agency is about one hundred and fifty thousand acres, and for this there are thirty thousand licenses and six hundred thousand cultivators. It is rare for an individual cultivator to engage for more than two-thirds of an acre. It will thus be seen as the commissioners observe, that "the poppy crop is a staff and not a crutch; it helps the ryot to pay his way, but does not form his sole dependence; it seldom occupies more than one-tenth of his holding; it yields him a good profit in a prosperous year, but its failure does not reduce him to absolute penury." In the Behar agency the cultivation is estimated by the commissioners at about one hundred and fifty thousand acres, with seven hundred thousand cultivators, so that the proportion of land under each cultivator is much the same as in Benares.

It will have been seen that the number of cultivators in the Benares agency is estimated at six hundred thousand men, and in the Behar agency at seven hundred thousand, giving a total of one million three hundred thousand men who devote themselves to this husbandry. According to the recognized census estimate of five individuals, including women and children, for each family, these figures give us a total exceeding six millions of people, who are more or less engaged in the cultivation of the poppy. There are several parts of the cultivation of the poppy, to which we shall presently allude, which give a special employment to the women and children of each family. The above figures apply solely to Bengal. It

must, however, be remembered that the annual production of Malwa opium is about equal to that of Bengal, and it may therefore be assumed that the number of the population engaged in central India in poppy cultivation is about equal to the number so employed in Bengal. There must therefore be a grand total exceeding twelve millions of the people of India to whom the cultivation of the poppy is a matter of deep interest and advantage. In one of the latest works which has been published in London regarding the use of opium in China, by Mr. Fortescue Fox, who has been a resident in China, it is calculated that whilst two millions of the Chinese people smoke Indian opium, other two millions smoke the indigenous Chinese opium, the total number of smokers being four millions, or only one per cent. of the entire population of China; so that if the suppression of the opium cultivation and trade of India were to be carried out, it would injuriously affect the interests of twelve millions of the people of India, for the chance of doing good to two millions of the people of China. Many writers of authority on China allege that if these two millions were deprived of their supply of Indian opium, they would console themselves by using opium grown in China.

When the land has been ploughed and harrowed, the poppy seed is sown in the end of October and the beginning of November. A soil of sandy loam is considered the most suitable. The seed is usually saved from the crop of the previous year, the capsules which have yielded most opium being also productive of the best seed. Six pounds of seed are sufficient for the third of an acre. As soon as the seed begins to germinate, which is about a week after it is sown, the field is divided by a cross series of ridges into rectangular compartments or beds, about eight feet in length by four feet in breadth, the alternate ridges being made broader than the others to form the water channels for the irrigation of the plant. The field should be watered as soon as the plants appear above ground, and on some soils irrigation must be continued at intervals till the crop is matured. The flowering of the plant takes place about seventy-five days after germination, and the petals, which are four in number, are gently removed on the third day after their first expansion. These petals are to be pasted together into leaves, as they are technically called, which are used to form the outer shell of the opium cake. In the course of another eight or ten days the



capsules are sufficiently ripe for the extraction of the juice.

In order to extract the opium the capsule is lanced in the evening with a small instrument consisting of four blades, something similar to the blades of a cupping instrument. The incisions are made from below upwards in perpendicular lines, and much skill is needed to make them of the right depth. Each capsule is usually lanced three or four times at intervals of two or three days. In the operation of lancing the work is generally performed by the ryot and his family. The opium is collected in the early morning of the day following the day of lancing. The juice which has exuded from the incisions is scraped off with a small scoop, from which it is transferred to a metal or earthen vessel, and is taken to the ryot's house. Here it is treated in a simple manner, so as to get rid of mildew, and any excessive moisture.

In addition to the crude opium which is produced in the simple manner that has just been described, the poppy plant yields an additional profit to the cultivator from its flower petals and from its stalks and leaves. The collection of the petals and the preparation of the leaves are the duty—and a favorite duty—of the females of the cultivator's family, who generally manage to appropriate the proceeds as pin money. The low-caste cultivators, whose women are accustomed to work in the fields, have some advantage over the women of the Brahmin and other high caste cultivators, who do not like their females to be seen in public. The amount paid by the government for the petals prepared as leaves differs slightly in each agency, the price being about sixteen shillings per maund of eighty pounds in Behar, and about eighteen shillings in Benares. The average quantity delivered during the last five years in both agencies amounted to 1,622,640 pounds, and the average money value was Rs. 173,176. In addition to the value of the petals of the flowers there is a small profit derivable from the stalks and leaves of the poppy plant. These are collected from the plants after they have stood long enough to wither and dry, and the leaves and thinner part of the stalks are then broken up into "trash," as it is technically called, which is used for packing the opium cakes softly and snugly in the chests for exportation. The thick parts of the stalks are used by the peasants for fuel or thatching purposes. The value of the trash is not very great, and the nominal

price differs materially in each agency, as in one agency it covers the cost of carriage, and in the other agency the cost of conveyance is paid separately by government. The average annual quantity of trash delivered at both agencies during the last five years amounted to 4,071,200 pounds in weight, and the cost of this quantity to government, including the charge of conveyance to the factories, averaged Rs. 28,245 annually. So that even these odds and ends of the poppy contribute something to the welfare of the cultivators. And independently of these small pickings there is a large sum to be made every year by the sale of the surplus seed, and the poppy heads which figure largely in the items of Indian commerce. The commissioners have omitted all mention of the profit derivable from poppy heads and poppy seed. It appears, however, from the statistics of the Calcutta Custom House that, in the year 1880-81, 540,214 cwt. of poppy seed, valued at Rs. 3,703,405, were exported from that port, of which nearly half was for France, where it is used chiefly for making oil and light pastry. After making due allowance for mercantile profits and the cost of conveyance to Calcutta, in the above valuation, it is obvious that the poppy yields a sum of very considerable importance to the cultivators in addition to the price which the government pays for their crude opium.

The crude opium having been gathered by the cultivator, and stored in his own hut, he has to watch it carefully from day to day to see that it is free from mould, and to turn it over from time to time to raise its consistence by exposure to the air. *Consistence* is a technical term in the opium department, indicating the actual solid matter as distinct from the inevitable water in the poppy juice. At Patna consistence means 75 per cent. of solid, to 25 per cent. of watery matter. At Benares it means only 70 per cent. of solid, to 30 per cent. of watery matter. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that the consistence of Malwa opium is usually 90 per cent., and in the excise opium, which is locally consumed in India, the regulated consistence is 90 per cent. The value of the opium which the cultivator delivers depends on its consistence, and an experienced ryot knows very well how to bring his opium up to the 75 standard, which will entitle him to the first class or full price for it. But whilst the opium is in his own hut, he must keep it at a distance from his tobacco and onions, which would



spoil its aroma, and so depreciate its value. And he must resist the temptation of surreptitiously increasing its weight by the addition of a little flour or molasses, which will almost inevitably be detected. The commissioners tell us that if a man has cultivated a *beegha* (one-third of an acre) of land, and has been fairly skilful and fortunate, he ought to have not less than six *seers*, or 12 pounds, of first-class opium at 75 consistence. The full value of this is Rs. 30, out of which he will have received from six to ten rupees in advance. At this calculation it will be seen that the value of the crop per acre would be Rs. 90, which makes it the most profitable crop that can be brought annually into the market.

About the end of March, or early in April, when the weather in Bengal is like a furious fiery furnace, the representative foreman of each band of cultivators in each village receives a summons bidding him and his party to attend with their opium on a fixed day before the deputy agent. It is not incumbent on them all to attend, but out of twenty men more than half the number usually go to look after their own produce, and the other little pots of opium which their brethren confide to them. It is a strange sight, which must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated, when the cultivators appear before the deputy agent to deliver up their produce. They are to be numbered by thousands, but are sub-divided into little parties, according to their villages. The deputy agent takes his seat out of doors, in the most shady place available, with a little table and writing materials on one side, and a large wooden triangle supporting the scales on the other side. The native clerks and attendants surround him. There is one man to manage the scales and call out the weight, and another experienced individual puts a *spatula* into the crude opium, and declares its consistence and value. To prevent any mistakes on the part of these officials, umpires are chosen by the cultivators from amongst themselves, who are bound to object to any apparent error of weight or consistence or value. On such an objection being raised, the deputy agent personally interposes and decides upon it. Otherwise he is diligently noting in his book the quantity and value of the opium delivered by, or on behalf of, each individual separately, corresponding entries in the vernacular language being made simultaneously by the native clerks. Up to this point the opium of each individual is dealt

with separately, so that the precise sum which each man is entitled to receive for it is ascertained and made known to him. As soon as this is done the opium passes practically into the possession of government, and is stored in jars, each jar containing a maund of eighty pounds weight, care being taken to put the opium of the same consistence into the same jar. There are occasionally a few delinquents whose opium is in some way defective or adulterated, which is usually detected when it is brought to scale. Each deputy agent is expected to have a sufficient knowledge of chemistry, so far as it concerns opium, to be able to apply certain simple tests which indicate the presence of foreign or objectionable matter in the opium laid before him. Such adulterated opium is liable to confiscation, and other penalties await the foolish man who tendered it. But when the long morning's work of weighing and receiving the opium is at an end — after a brief interval of rest — the native clerks and underlings make up their accounts for the payment of the sum due to each contractor on the following morning. With proper arrangements the cultivators should never be detained at the weighing station for more than two consecutive nights. Their attendance should be registered on the day they arrive, the next day their opium should be examined, tested, and weighed, and on the third day they should be paid off and discharged, and return to their homes.

There are differences in matters of detail in the two agencies; but the practical result is that in both of them the cultivator is brought face to face with the English deputy agent, and delivers his opium into his hands with a full knowledge of its weight and value, and receives payment either personally or through the foreman representative of his party from the English officer. This is one of the secrets of the popularity of the poppy cultivation. No native seems to feel a thorough confidence in his brother native in dealing with money payments, especially on behalf of government. The commissioners have recorded several cases where, by an elaborate conspiracy and artful system of fraud, the native officers have contrived for a time to rob the government and the ryot. As such conspiracies necessarily depend on the combined action of many individuals, the thieves are sure to fall out at last, and then detection and punishment follow. But so long as every ryot has free access of approach to the English deputy agent or his English assist-

ant, he is satisfied that if any injustice is attempted against him by his own brethren his complaint will be at once heard and his grievance redressed. So in a good season the cultivators, having received their money, gird up their loins and return to their respective villages, in the full hope that the next year's out-turn may be equally good and profitable.

Unfortunately there are certain risks connected with the cultivation of the poppy, and in some years the early promise of the crop is utterly disappointed. Blight and insects attack the growing plants and commit havoc among them; or the fierce hail-storms beat down the standing crop, and ruin its produce; so that when the time for gathering the opium comes, there are many members out of the little associated parties of twenty, under their representative foreman, who have absolutely nothing to bring to scale. Even in a favorable year it may happen that one man's field may not have produced enough opium to cover the amount of the advances which have been made to him, but in such cases it is usual for his nineteen more fortunate brethren to make good his loss, and the account is quietly squared. In a really bad season, when more than half of the twenty have no opium to show in return for the advances which they have received, no such adjustment is practicable. It had long been the practice, and the boast of the opium department, that on such occasions government frankly forgave the debt, when it was clear that the ryots were not to blame. Many years ago, when the indigo-planters were accused of unfair dealings with their ryots, over whose heads the balances of old advances, not worked out, were kept pending, it was proudly alleged that the government always frankly forgave all such balances against its opium ryots. Sir Ashley Eden was one of the principal champions of the ryots against the indigo-planters. But a Nemesis awaited him; and when he became lieutenant governor of Bengal it fell to his lot to pass an order that, if an opium ryot did not work out his advance, however much the badness of the season might be the cause of his failure, the money should be recovered from him as a debt to government. The Board of Revenue, strong in the old departmental traditions, fought stoutly for the ryots, but in vain. The commissioners appear to have given much attention to this question, which to some extent seems to have led to the appointment of the commission. They have shown that

Sir Ashley Eden's orders were issued at a most unsuitable time, and that they have cost the government a very heavy price. The government had only recently ordered the price of crude opium to be reduced ten per cent., and the experiment was working favorably. But when the ryots became acquainted with the new orders about advances, they declined to engage for any further cultivation unless the reduction of ten per cent. on the price of their crude opium was stopped and the previous price restored. Thus Sir Ashley Eden's orders led to the recovery of a debt of about £50,000 from the impoverished ryots, and saddled the government with an increased expenditure of about £40,000 a year for all future time.

We next come to the third heading into which the commissioners have divided their report, viz, the manufacture and disposal of the opium. The opium is all collected at the two factories, one at Patna, the other at Ghazipore, where it is prepared and made up into cakes. The preparation of the opium before caking is comparatively simple. The principal assistant in charge of the factory is careful to see that the opium is of uniform consistence before it is given out for caking. The process of alligation, as it is called, is carried on principally in large stone troughs, in which the mass of treacly-looking sticky material is welded and blended together, so that it may attain perfect uniformity of consistence and color. When the opium is ready it is measured out to the cake-makers, who are hereditary experts in the art of cake-making. An opium cake is a round ball, about seven inches in diameter, and looks like a large cannon-ball. It should weigh exactly 3 lbs. 5½ oz. avoirdupois. The process is thus described in the commissioners' report:—

"In forming the cakes, the workmen sit down in rows of ten or twenty, having open vessels containing pure opium placed in front of them; also vessels containing the paste and parcels of flower-leaves which had previously been weighed out to them; each parcel being the quantity allowed for a single cake. Each cake-maker is provided with a brass cup about seven inches in diameter and four deep. In the bottom and on the sides of this cup he places a layer of flower-leaves, so as to form the outside cover or shell of the ball, and he smears these flower-leaves with a paste, prepared from refuse opium, so as to make them adhere together. He then with his hand takes as much pure opium

as he may judge to be equal to the weight required for a cake, and places it within the shell in the brass cup. He then takes other layers of leaves, and works and pastes them all together into a ball, securely enclosing the pure opium. Each ball is immediately weighed, and the quantity of opium in it is increased or decreased if necessary."

"The balls, or cakes, as they are henceforth called, are stowed upon racks in the drying-rooms of the factory. They are turned and moved periodically, so that they may dry and mature equally, and their outer covering or shell is patched and repaired with fresh leaves if necessary. After the balls have been stored for about four months, the packing season begins. Forty cakes are packed into each chest, the chest being fitted with an internal framework, so as to prevent the cakes from touching or moving; the interstices being carefully filled up with trash, which prevents the balls from being rubbed against the frames. The contents of each chest are made up so that on reaching China they may be equal to one Chinese *picul* of 133 lbs. 5 oz. 5½ dwts. avoirdupois. Each chest is carefully packed and numbered and ticketed under the supervision of European assistants. The chests are then covered with a wrapper of stout gunny cloth, and they are ready for removal to Calcutta for sale."

In former days the opium chests were sent down to Calcutta in fleets of country boats, with a military escort. Railway communication has altered this; and they are now forwarded by the East Indian Railway, by trains specially devoted to the service. On their arrival in Calcutta the chests are stored in the spacious warehouses built for their reception. When all the chests have arrived the merchants who deal in opium are invited to attend at the warehouses, where they are met by a member of the Board of Revenue, the government chemical examiner, and other government officials. One of the merchants then selects at random a certain number of chests, which are immediately weighed and opened in their presence, the contents examined, and any balls or cakes that they may pick out are cut open for their inspection. By this examination the merchants satisfy themselves as to the merits of each annual crop, and it is very seldom that they find any cause for dissatisfaction.

It only remains to describe the monthly sales of the opium in Calcutta. A certain number of chests of opium, as fixed by

notification from the government of India, are sold by public auction every month in one of the rooms of the Board of Revenue. The secretary to the board presides at the auction. The auctioneer is one of the assistants of the board. The auction-room is filled with the intending purchasers, several of them millionaires or their representatives, who have their recognized seats, to which they are admitted by tickets. The auction is usually conducted in that calm and quiet manner which is suitable to transactions in which hundreds of thousands of pounds are involved. Each lot consists of five chests, and a native clerk holds up a blackboard, on which he exhibits in chalk the amount of the last bid. The excitement about the bidding is usually confined to the first few lots, when any good or bad news from China may have led to an alteration in the value of opium subsequently to the last monthly sale. The rival millionaires contend by a quiet nod to the auctioneer. The ruling price for the day is soon settled between them, as they well know to what limit they may safely go. The purchaser of one lot of five chests is at liberty to claim the next ten lots at the same price. The auction list is thus quickly run through. When the millionaires have satisfied their wants for the day, the smaller speculators bid according to their requirements. As each lot is knocked down, a clerk goes about with a little book to each purchaser, in which he gives a promissory note, payable on demand, for one-fourth of the value of his purchase, with an engagement to pay the balance within ten days. From an unknown speculator a deposit in money is taken. Failure to complete a bargain is of very rare occurrence; but if default occurs the chests are put up for sale at the ensuing auction, at the risk of the defaulting purchaser, who is liable for any loss that may accrue if the price of opium has fallen when the re-sale takes place. In the course of an hour the auction room is empty, and the noisy outside crowd, which fills the courtyard of the Board's premises, has dispersed. Payments for opium purchased are made by the merchants through the Bank of Bengal, and on the production of a certificate of payment the merchant receives a delivery order for the chests which he has purchased, and he at once removes them from the government warehouse and consigns them to his agents or correspondents in China and the Straits, by the swift steamers which trade between Calcutta and China.

It is not our purpose to follow the opium any farther. It has been our object to describe the working of the poppy cultivation as it affects the interests of those millions of the people of India who are engaged in its production. To the government of India the revenue derived from Bengal opium is counted in millions. Those who desire to inform themselves of the official details of the opium revenue will do well to consult the chapter on opium in the very able work on Indian finance which was published in 1882 by Sir John Strachey and his brother, General Richard Strachey. But, as usually happens with statistical figures, the results of the opium revenue as exhibited by the brothers Strachey do not tally exactly with the figures given in the commissioners' report. An explanation is partly to be found in the fact that the totals given by the Stracheys include the revenue derived from Malwa opium, whilst the commissioners exhibit the results of the revenue from Bengal opium alone. The commissioners have given a tabular statement which goes back as far as 1797-98, when the net revenue from Bengal opium was Rs. 8,67,754. In the year 1881-82 the net revenue had risen to Rs. 5,40,00,000, the gross receipts having been Rs. 7,60,00,000; the total charges for production, etc., being Rs. 2,20,00,000. After making some deductions on account of the excise revenue obtained from the local sale of opium in Bengal, the net result may be taken as showing that in round numbers about five millions sterling represent the clear profit which the whole of India obtains from the Bengal opium revenue; whilst about two millions sterling are spent in Bengal and Behar amongst the people who are happily engaged in the cultivation of the poppy and the manufacture of opium.

Nevertheless, there are certain people in England who desire that the manufacture of opium in Bengal should cease. To such persons we would recommend the perusal of the following lines from Sir John Strachey's book: "A careful inquiry into the effect produced by the Indian opium trade on the people of China, in all the parts of that country within our reach, leads to the conclusion that if, in deference to the prejudices to which allusion has been made, India is deprived of the revenue which she now obtains from opium, an act of folly and injustice will be perpetrated as gross as any that has ever been inflicted by a foreign government on a subject nation. In-

dia now possesses the rare fortune of obtaining from one of her native products a great revenue without the imposition of taxes on her own people, and we are asked to sacrifice the vital interests of those people, to whose good we are pledged by the highest sense of duty, in hope of protecting others, against their will, from doubtful evils; in other words, to inflict certain injury where we have the power, in pursuit of a benevolent chimera which must elude us. Truly, to use the words of Condorcet, 'L'enthousiasme ignorant est la plus terrible des bêtes féroces.'" C. T. BUCKLAND.

Late B.C.S.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

LADY MARKHAM was a woman, everybody knew, who never hesitated when she knew a thing to be her duty, especially in all that concerned hospitals and the sick. She appeared by George Gaunt's bedside in the middle of what seemed to him a terrible, long, endless night. It was not yet midnight, indeed; but they do not reckon by hours in the darkness through which he was drifting, through which there flashed upon his eyes confused gleams of scenes that were like scenes upon a stage all surrounded by darkness. The change had come. One of the nurses, the depressed one, thought it was for death; the other, possessed by the excitement of that great struggle, in which sometimes it appears that one human creature can visibly help another to hold the last span of soil on which human foot can stand, stood by the bed, almost carried away by what to her was like the frenzy of battle to a soldier, watching to see where she could strike a blow at the adversary, or drag the champion a hair's breadth further on the side of victory. There appeared to him at that moment two forms floating in the air—both white, bright, with the light upon them, radiant as with some glory of their own to the gaze of fever. He remembered them afterwards as if they had floated out of the chamber, disembodied, two faces, nothing more; and then all again was night. "He's talked a deal about his mother, poor gentleman. He'll never live to see his mother," said the melancholy attendant, shaking her head. "Hush," said the

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other under her breath. "Don't you know we can't tell what he hears and what he don't hear?" Lady Markham was of this opinion too. She called the doleful woman with her outside the door, and left the last battle to be fought out. Frances stood on the other side of the bed. How she came there, why she was allowed to come, neither she nor any one knew. She stood looking at him with an awe in her young soul which silenced every other feeling. Nelly Winterbourn had been afraid of death, of seeing or coming near it. But Frances was not afraid. She stood, forgetting everything, with her head thrown back, her eyes expanded, her heart dilating and swelling in her bosom. She seemed to herself to be struggling too, gasping with his efforts for breath, helping him — oh, if she could help him! — saying her simple prayers involuntarily, sometimes aloud. Over and over again, in the confusion and darkness and hurrying of the last battle, there would come to him a glimpse of that face. It floated over him, the light all concentrated in it — then rolling clouds and gloom.

It was nearly morning when the doctor came. "Still living?" "Alive; but that is all," was the brief interchange outside the door. He would have been surprised, had he had any time for extraneous emotions, to see on the other side of the patient's bed, softly winnowing the air with a large fan, a girl in evening dress, pearls gleaming upon her white neck, standing rapt and half unconscious in the midst of the unwonted scene. But the doctor had no time to be surprised. He went through his examination in that silence which sickens the very heart of the lookers-on. Then he said briefly: "It all depends now on the strength whether we can pull him through. The fever is gone; but he is as weak as water. Keep him in life twelve hours longer, and he'll do."

Twelve hours! — one whole long lingering endless summer day. Lady Markham, with her own affairs at such a crisis, had not hesitated. She came in now, having got a change of dress, and sent the weary nurse, who had stood over him all night, away. Blessed be fashion, when its fads are for angels' work! Noiselessly into the room came with her, clean, fresh, and cool, everything that could restore. The morning light came softly in, the air from the open windows. Freshness and hope were in her face. She gave her daughter a look, a smile. "He may be weak, but he has never given in," she said. Reinforcements upon the field of battle. In a

few hours, which were as a year, the hopeful nurse was back again refreshed. And thus the endless day went on. Noon, and still he lived. Markham walked about the little street with his pockets full of small moneys, buying off every costermonger or wandering street vendor of small wares, boldly interfering with the liberty of the subject, stopping indignant cabs, and carts half paralyzed with slow astonishment. It was scarcely necessary, for the patient's brain was not yet sufficiently clear to be sensitive to noises; but it was something to do for him. A whole cycle of wonder had gone round, but there was no time to think of it in the absorbing interest of this. Waring had employed his wife's son to clear off those debts, which, if the old general ever knew of them, would add stings to sorrow — which, if the young man mended, would be a crushing weight round his neck. Waring had done this without a word or look that inferred that Markham was to blame. The age of miracles had come back; but, as would happen, perhaps, if that age did come back, no one had time or thought to give to the prodigies, for the profounder interest which no wonder could equal, the fight between death and life, the sudden revelation in common life of all the mysteries that make humanity what it is — the love which made a little worldling triumphant over every base suggestion — the pity that carried a woman out of herself and her own complicated affairs, to stand by another woman's son in the last mortal crisis — the nature which suspended life in every one of all these differing human creatures, and half obliterated, in thought of another, all the interests that were their own.

Through the dreadful night and through the endless sunshine of that day, a June day, lavish of light and pleasure, reluctant to relinquish a moment of its joy and triumph, the height of summer days, the old people, the old general and his wife, the father and mother, travelled without pause, with few words, with little hope, daring to say nothing to each other except faint questions and calculations as to when they could be there. When they could be there! They did not put the other question to each other, but within themselves repeated it without ceasing: Would they be there before — Would they be there in time? — to see him once again. They scarcely breathed when the cab, blundering along, got to the entrance of a little street, where it was stopped by a wild figure in a gray overcoat, which



rushed at the horse and held him back. Then the old general rose in his wrath: "Drive on, man! drive on. Ride him down, whoever the fool is." And then, somewhat as those faces had appeared at the sick man's bedside, there came at the cab window an ugly little face, all puckers and light, half recognized as a bringer of good tidings, half hated as an obstruction, saying: "All right—all right. I'm here to stop noises. He's going to pull through."

"Mamma," said Constance next evening, when all their excitement and emotions were softened down, "I hope you told Mrs. Gaunt that I had been there?"

"My dear, Mrs. Gaunt was not thinking of either you or me. Perhaps she might be conscious of Frances; I don't know even that. When one's child is dying, it does not matter to one who shows feeling. By-and-by, no doubt, she will be grateful to us all."

"Not to me—never to me."

"Perhaps she has no reason, Con," her mother said.

"I am sure I cannot tell you, mamma. If he had died, of course—though even that would not have been my fault. I amused him very much for six weeks, and then he thought I behaved very badly to him. But all the time I felt sure that it would really do him no harm. I think it was cheap to buy at that price all your interest and everything that has been done for him—not to speak of the experience in life."

Lady Markham shook her head. "Our experiences in life are sometimes not worth the price we pay for them; and to make another pay——"

"Oh!" said Constance with a toss of her head, shaking off self-reproach and this mild answer together. "It appears that there is some post his father wants for him to keep him at home; and Claude will move heaven and earth—that's to say the Horse Guards and all the other authorities—to get it. Mamma," she added after a pause, "Frances will marry him, if you don't mind."

"Marry him!" cried Lady Markham with a shriek of alarm; "that is what can never be."

Meanwhile, Frances was walking back from Mrs. Gaunt's lodging, where the poor lady, all tremulous and shaken with joy and weariness, had been pouring into her sympathetic ears all the anguish of the waiting, now so happily over, and weeping over the kindness of everybody—everybody was so kind. What would

have happened had not everybody been so kind? Frances had soothed her into calm, and coming down-stairs, had met Sir Thomas at the door with his inquiries. He looked a little grave, she thought, somewhat preoccupied. "I am very glad," he said, "to have the chance of a talk with you, Frances. Are you going to walk? Then I will see you home."

Frances looked up in his face with simple pleasure. She tripped along by his side like a little girl, as she was. They might have been father and daughter smiling to each other, a pretty sight as they went upon their way. But Sir Thomas's smile was grave. "I want to speak to you on some serious subjects," he said.

"About mamma? Oh, don't you think, Sir Thomas, it is coming all right?"

"Not about your mother. It is coming all right, thank God, better than I ever hoped. This is about myself. Frances, give me your advice. You have seen a great deal since you came to town. What with Nelly Winterbourn and poor young Gaunt, and all that has happened in your own family, you have acquired what Con calls experience in life."

Frances's little countenance grew grave too. "I don't think it can be true life," she said.

He gave a little laugh, in which there was a tinge of embarrassment. "From your experience," he said, "tell me: would you ever advise, Frances, a marriage between a girl like you—mind you, a good girl, that would do her duty not in Nelly Winterbourn's way—and an elderly rather worldly man?"

"O no, no, Sir Thomas," cried the girl; and then she paused a little, and said to herself that perhaps she might have hurt Sir Thomas's feelings by so distinct an expression. She faltered a little, and added: "It would depend, wouldn't it, upon who they were?"

"A little, perhaps," he said. "But I am glad I have had your first unbiassed judgment. Now for particulars. The man is not a bad old fellow, and would take care of her. He is rich, and would provide for her, not like that hound Winterbourn. Oh, you need not make that gesture, my dear, as if money meant nothing; for it means a great deal. And the girl is as good a little thing as ever was born. Society has got talking about it; it has been spread abroad everywhere; and perhaps if it comes to nothing, it may do her harm. Now, with those further lights, let me have your deliverance."

And remember, it is very serious — not play at all."

"I have not enough lights, Sir Thomas. Does she," said Frances, with a slight hesitation — "love him? And does he love her?"

"He is very fond of her; I'll say that for him," said Sir Thomas hurriedly. "Not perhaps in the boy-and-girl way. And she — well, if you put me to it, I think she likes him, Frances. They are as friendly as possible together. She would go to him, I believe, with any of her little difficulties. And he has as much faith in her — as much faith as in — I can't put a limit to his faith in her," he said.

Frances looked up at him with the grave judicial look into which she had been forming her soft face. "All you say, Sir Thomas, looks like a father and child. I would do that to papa — or to you."

Here he burst, to her astonishment, into a great fit of laughter, not without a little tremor, as of some other feeling in it. "You are a little Daniel," he said. "That's quite conclusive, my dear. O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!"

"But —" Frances cried, a little bewildered. Then she added: "Well, you may laugh at me if you like. Of course, I am no judge; but if the gentleman is so like her father, cannot she be quite happy in being fond of him, instead of — O no! Marrying is quite different — quite, quite different. I feel sure she would think so, if you were to ask her, herself," she said.

"And what about the poor old man?"

"You did not say he was a poor old man; you said he was elderly, which means —"

"About my age."

"That is not an old man. And worldly — which is not like you. I think, if he is what you say, that he would like better to keep his friend; because people can be friends, Sir Thomas, don't you think, though one is young and one is old?"

"Certainly, Frances — witness you and me."

She took his arm affectionately of her own accord and gave it a little kind pressure. "That is just what I was thinking," she said, with the pleasantest smile in the world.

Sir Thomas took Lady Markham aside in the evening and repeated this conversation. "I don't know who can have put such an absurd rumor about," he said.

"Nor I," said Lady Markham; "but there are rumors about every one. It is

not worth while taking any notice of them."

"But if I had thought Frances would have liked it, I should never have hesitated a moment."

"She might not what you call like it," said Lady Markham dubiously; "and yet she might —"

"Be talked into it, for her good? I wonder," said Sir Thomas with spirit, "whether my old friend, who has always been a model woman in my eyes, thinks that would be very creditable to me?"

Lady Markham gave a little conscious, guilty laugh, and then, oddly enough, which was so unlike her — twenty-four hours in a sickroom is trying to any one — began to cry. "You flatter me with reproaches," she said. "Markham asks me if I expect my son to be base; and you ask me how I can be so base myself, being your model woman. I am not a model woman; I am only a woman of the world, that has been trying to do my best for my own. And look there," she said, drying her eyes; "I have succeeded very well with Con. She will be quite happy in her way."

"And now," said Sir Thomas after a pause, "dear friend, who art still my model woman, how about your own affairs?"

She blushed celestial rosy red, as if she had been a girl. "Oh," she said, "I am going down with Edward to the Warren to see what it wants to make it habitable. If it is not too damp, and we can get it put in order — I am quite up in the sanitary part of it, you know — he means to send the Gaunts there with their son to recruit, when he is well enough. I am so glad to be able to do something for his old neighbors. And then we shall have time ourselves, before the season is over, to settle what we shall do."

The reader is far too knowing in such matters not to be able to divine how the marriages followed each other in the War-ing family within the course of that year. Young Gaunt, when he got better, confused with his illness, soothed by the weakness of his convalescence and all the tender cares about him, came at last to believe that the debts which had driven him out of his senses had been nothing but a bad dream. He consulted Markham about them, detailing his broken recollections. Markham replied with a perfectly opaque countenance: "You must have been dreaming, old man. Nightmares take that form the same as another. Never heard half a word from any side

about it; and you know those fellows, if you owed them sixpence and didn't pay, would publish it in every club in London. It has been a bad dream. But look here," he added: "don't you ever go in for that sort of thing again. Your head won't stand it. I'm going to set you the example," he said with his laugh. "Never — if I should live to be a hundred," Gaunt cried with fervor. The sensation of this extraordinary escape, which he could not understand, the relief of having nothing to confess to the general, nothing to bring tears from his mother's eyes, affected him like a miraculous interposition of God, which no doubt it was, though he never knew how. There was another vision which belonged to the time of his illness, but which was less apocryphal, as it turned out — the vision of those two forms through the mist — of one, all white, with pearls on the milky throat, which had been somehow accompanied in his mind with a private comment, that at last false Duessa being gone forever, the true Una had come to him. After a while in the greenness of the Warren, amid the cool shade, he learned to fathom how that was.

But were we to enter into all the processes by which Lady Markham changed from the "That can never be!" of her first light on the subject, to giving a reluctant consent to Frances's marriage, we should require another volume. It may be enough to say that in after days, Captain Gaunt — but he was then colonel — thought Constance a very handsome woman, but could not understand how any one in his senses could consider the wife of Claude Ramsay worthy of a moment's comparison with his own. "Handsome, yes, no doubt," he would say; "and so is Nelly Markham, for that matter; but of the earth, earthy, or of the world, worldly; whereas Frances —"

Words failed to express the difference, which was one with which words had nothing to do.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
A STRATEGICAL VIEW OF TURKEY.

THE geographical situation of the Turkish Empire, and the great importance of its strategical position (in so far as the latter undeniably influences the balance of power not only in Europe, but in the whole Eastern world), are so seldom brought before the mind of the public, in England especially, that I venture to ask

for a space in your review to lay before your readers some information on so interesting a subject.

I never could quite understand the object of the Roman and Greek rulers in olden days, when these emperors sent enormous armies into Asia Minor, at fearful cost and loss of life, fighting battles that lasted for days, and besieging towns that it took years to get possession of, adventures frequently ending in failure and defeat, when they had so much larger fields in Europe open to their ambition. But now that almost every inhabited quarter of the globe has become an object of greed and intrigue amongst governments and peoples, it is important to know, as I will endeavor to demonstrate, that the key to European aspirations — the *point de départ*, as I may say, for new conquests and ambitions — is that tempting field of promise, Constantinople. Not only does Constantinople and its territories command the entire intercourse between the Black Sea and the outside world through the Mediterranean, besides that of Asia Minor as far as the Euphrates valley, with its enormous hitherto undeveloped riches, but it is certain that the possession of the Straits of the Dardanelles, which naturally would belong to the holder of Constantinople, threatens the Suez Canal and the road (or railroad, which we hope to see before the world is much older) to India.

The possessor of Constantinople naturally commands the Black Sea, and by doing so turns in a military point of view the flank of Austria, Germany, and all the little states lying on the banks of the Danube. The Eastern commerce of the above-named countries would be utterly at the mercy of the holder of Constantinople, the more so should that holder be one of the great powers of Europe. In short, far-seeing men like Lord Palmerston, Cavour, and Metternich kept a sharp lookout on Constantinople, regarding which they always said to other powers, especially Russia, "Hands off!" These statesmen seemed fully to understand how important it is that the little straits which divide Europe and Asia should be in the hands of what may be called an unambitious and not over-strong power, such as Turkey, a nation which for so many years has never shown herself desirous of conquest, merely struggling to hold her own and to keep possession of what she so courageously fought for four hundred years ago, and which she well knows would be soon wrested from her were it

not that so many rival dogs are snarling over the bone, *i.e.*, the Turkish Empire. Bit by bit we see the object of the enemies of Turkey carried out, in as far as the approaches to Constantinople are concerned; but woe to the time when one ravenous animal, stronger for the moment than the others, makes a swoop and establishes his lair on the shores of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles! Woe to the time! I say, because those who permit such an act will forever regret that they did not spend the last drop of their blood in preventing a deed so injurious — nay, so ruinous — to their general interests.

We hear daily rumors of Austria's ambitious intentions as regards Salonica, of Germany's ideas of pushing the Austrians south and taking possession of the northern province of the empire now ruled by the house of Hapsburg; we hear of Russia thirsting for Armenia, of Greek projects of conquest in Macedonia, etc., etc. I wish I could believe that these nations are merely building castles in the air. There is no smoke without fire, and doubtless statesmen such as they are entertain serious theories in support of their ambitious ideas, which they only delay putting into practice till the time is ripe for action. But I feel convinced that nothing definite will be done until after a great European convulsion, or, to call it by its proper name, a general war of a fearful and destructive nature. Then, and not before, the conqueror will attain his object and dictate his own terms to the rest of Europe. I am certain that all the tall talk about Austria going to Salonica is *at the present moment* what we call in this country "bosh," and so it will remain until the balance of power (military power I mean) is very much altered. Austria finds enough to do just now in maintaining her position in Bosnia and the Herzegovina. Her anti-Slav subjects, backed by the Bulgarians, whose furious hatred of the Panславists, their great Russian supporters, and their party in Austria, is so well known that those who govern in Vienna hesitate before they incur greater difficulties and complications, such as they have to deal with in those only partially conquered provinces. Then, again, Greece finds it well to "look before she leaps" into what might prove to her a slough of despond. Besides, I have reason to believe that Greece now is flirting with Turkey for a temporary anti-Slav alliance.

It seems more than probable that Russian aggression in Afghanistan, through a deeply laid scheme, aims throughout at

realizing her old and firmly laid ambition, viz., Constantinople, and that so soon as she can conquer or cajole the Turcoman tribes and has weakened Persia she will strike a blow at Armenia, and through that country prepare to advance towards the Ottoman capital.

Now it is clear that this would be a wise move on her part, as then she would avert a collision with Austria and Germany, who must fight if Russia were to throw an army through Roumania towards the Balkans.

Having thus briefly dwelt on the ambitious policy of some of the European powers, who, as I said before, are biding their time to finish their quarrel over the bone of contention among themselves, viz., the Straits of the Bosphorus, which means, in other words, the disintegration of the Turkish Empire, I will proceed to refer to the means of defence which have been so liberally meted out by Providence to the Ottomans.

Europe and Asia are divided by what are called the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. These straits are so narrow that at their widest point they are not half a gunshot across. The town of Constantinople with its thickly populated environs covers nearly the whole of both sides of the Bosphorus, the approaches to which can well be defended by torpedoes and heavy guns. The Dardanelles are protected by immense fortifications. It is true that the huge forts and heavy guns on the European side of the Dardanelles are commanded by a small range of hills, and the holder of these hills would be able to threaten the safety of the batteries. But the Turks are wisely keeping this fact in view and are defending the hills themselves from attack by planting heavy guns on them.

On the Asiatic side there are no such hills, so that the forts there are safe from attack by land. Now through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles a quick current is almost always running in the same direction — that is, from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean — at the rate of from three to four miles an hour. The waters are deep and in some parts narrow. What a chance for torpedo defence! No necessity for risking this newly invented weapon by exposing it in boats or ships; all that has to be done is to send under water (thus invisible) torpedoes such as I have seen invented in England by Messrs. Siemens & Co., torpedoes that explode on striking. Send, I say, a couple of hundred of these invisible (as they are im-

mersed several feet under water) deadly weapons against an advancing fleet and the greater part of their ships would be destroyed. We hear also of the wonderfully clever invention by Mr. Nordenfeldt of a submarine torpedo boat, which if successful is well suited for the defence of the Straits.

But I am reminded that Constantinople might be attacked as it were *with* the current — that is, from the Black Sea.

This reminder is somewhat a staggerer, as it not only seems possible but exceedingly probable that such might be the case. In that event torpedoes, or what are more usually called ground mines, must be placed at the entrance of the Bosphorus, and torpedo ships and boats must be always in readiness to resist attack by sea and defend the mines.

One thing is obvious, viz., that torpedoes and their accompaniments, from their cheapness and efficacy, were invented as it were for the defence of Turkey — in fact, for any nation surrounded by water, such, for example, as England.

The moral effect of these weapons is very great, and I have no doubt that as means of defence they would in reality be most efficacious.

The entrance of the Bosphorus is already defended by guns of the heaviest calibre against attack by sea, and, according to the opinion of competent judges, the Dardanelles with very little expense could be rendered impregnable.

Now let us reflect what would be the result of an attack by land. I do not wish to be considered as writing in any way in a hostile spirit to Russia, a nation whose gallantry and many fine qualities I am bound to respect; but it has become with me a fixed idea that the great danger to Turkey lies in the avowed intentions and obviously declared ideal destiny of that great country to advance. She will have Constantinople *if she can*, and so fulfil the will of Peter the Great and the dream of Catherine. Well, then, supposing that Russia puts her foot down, and, taking advantage of the hitherto somewhat vacillating and constantly varying policy of England, says boldly, "I am going to Constantinople," some one, I imagine, in the English House of Commons would echo the question, "Is it true that Russia is marching on Constantinople?" The answer would probably be, "Sir, her Majesty's government has no certain knowledge of the fact, and at present it is not thought advisable to inform the House of any correspondence that may have taken

place between England and Russia in regard to the latter's movements."

Prince Bismarck has declared that he would not sacrifice one Pomeranian to save Constantinople. The Austrians care, or pretend to care, only as to what happens in Turkey in Europe and its adjoining provinces. Then who cares — that is to say, who cares sufficiently — for what may happen to Turkey any more than self-interest dictates? Thus it is obvious that Turkey must act alone in defending her empire and above all her capital.

We have had in the last few weeks sufficient proof that military action on the part of Turkey, even though used in supporting her just rights, is *not* recommended by her so-called friends; but there is a limit to giving heed to such counsels, and the time will come when action must be taken to save the very empire itself.

It is true that the Turks are not rich and cannot afford the gigantic armaments now being made all over the world. Still, as I before remarked, nature has supplied the Ottomans with means of defence such as few nations can boast of. The approaches to her capital are surrounded by water, making its defence by sea comparatively easy. Mountains through which there are few if any roads by which an invading army can advance, mountains on which snow lies deep during six months of the year, help to defend Constantinople from attack by way of Asia Minor, and there are reasons before explained why Russia would not wish to attack her by way of the Balkans.

It is true that if Russia commanded the Black Sea she would hold Constantinople at her mercy; but she does not do so, and it is to be hoped she never will.

Russia's next move will be in Armenia; and then how about the idea that still is occasionally seriously considered, viz., an Euphrates valley railway as a *second* route to India? Volumes have been written on this subject, but the parties most interested should open their eyes to the danger foreign possession of the northern part of Asia Minor would be to such an enterprise, inasmuch as regards the safety of England's Indian possessions. Fuss enough has been made over the Suez Canal, the construction of which Lord Palmerston so strenuously opposed; but if years ago the proposed Euphrates valley railway had been made and thus our direct communication with India assured, how many present and future complications would have been avoided! Not only would direct and rapid communication



with India have been effected, but a country teeming with riches would have been opened up; and the line might have been so constructed with branches from the direct route that Turkey could have sent troops from her capital to certain points in the northern parts of Asia Minor, which would have checked, if not entirely prevented, the advance of a Russian army against Constantinople. Moreover, any advance of the Muscovite to the Euphrates valley would have been easily prevented. All this can be done now, but we must have the men at the helm for both Turkey and England who understand the great importance of such an undertaking.

As to the European provinces of Turkey, their remaining "provinces of the Turkish Empire" depends very much on the good will (or bad will), as I may call it, of the great neighboring powers. As to the small, newly formed states, they are, and will be always, I fear, in a state of disturbance, brought on by foreign intrigue and their own exaggerated idea of patriotism; but I must repeat that the want of accord as to their redistribution, if necessary, is at present Turkey's safety.

We have, while considering this subject, to deal with Slavs, anti-Slavs, Greeks, Albanians, Servians, Bulgarians, Bosnians, and Herzegovinians, all small, ambitious States which, when the crisis comes, will be absorbed *under* one great power, *into* one great power. Constantinople can be always made safe on the European side from attack by land, as its approaches are so well adapted by nature for defence that the brave Turks must indeed be awed into submission to have lost all heart when they allow an enemy to approach its walls from the westward.

While writing on what concerns Constantinople, its European dependencies, and the northern part of Asia Minor, it is well to remember that there remains a very large portion of the Turkish Empire to which it is necessary to refer — I mean that which includes southern Asia Minor generally, called Anatolia, Syria, and the vast tract of country inhabited by the Arabs extending from the seashore of the Mediterranean to Mecca and Bassorah. Up to the present time the somewhat lawless peoples that inhabit the latter country have been controlled, and remain loyal to their sovereign. It is true that small revolutions, principally caused by quarrels among the various tribes, occasionally break out; but the greater part are trivial affairs, easily put down. This I attribute to the absence of foreign intrigue. No

one of the great powers, so far, has ventured to put a finger into the pie of the government of Yemen or its immediate neighborhood. The nearest neighbor is England, who has at present no greater interest in those remote parts than that her ships navigate at some distance along the dangerous Arabian coast. She looks for some civilization in the way of light-houses being erected and piracy kept down; so that, with the exception of some slight interference here and there on the Arabian coast, England does not take any part in what goes on in those regions.

How long this will continue it is hard to say, but one has confidence in affirming that England, though she may be accused of a blundering policy at times, does not descend to intrigues such as one sees resorted to elsewhere when some object has to be attained.

Bassorah, situated at the extreme eastern end of the Turkish Empire, may have, one of these days, an important part to play, as being situated at the head of the Persian Gulf, and so, as it were, in an important strategical position, when communications between India and Europe are more fully developed either by Russia or by England. Moreover, as being the seaport of Bagdad, it has its importance. Thus we see that in the far future Turkey may be liable to find herself threatened even in that remote quarter of the globe, where, indeed, defence would be difficult, if not impossible.

In every case Turkey must have friends and allies whose *mutual interests* are blended with hers. Who those friends should be it requires no great prevoyance to understand.

In so far as regards the southern parts of Asia Minor and Syria there is little to be said. Those vast tracts of land have been sparsely visited by Europeans, save with the object of (vain hope so far) making railroads wherewith to connect Europe and the East, or in research of sites or remains of ancient cities, such as Nineveh, etc. So these far-away countries rest undisturbed in the hands of their old conquerors, the Mussulman races.

It cannot be denied that France has always had a hankering after Syria; but her attempt at governing the Lebanon was attended with such unsatisfactory results that I fancy she will hesitate before she again embarks on a similar enterprise.

The coast of Syria is absolutely without safe seaports; these, however, could be made, did the necessity arise. Project

after project has been laid before the public for the purpose of developing the country, and some of the wildest schemes ever conceived have been seriously proposed, and have vanished almost as soon as projected.

Nothing really advantageous to the interests of Turkey and the world at large can or will be done till railways are introduced. Then little by little the country will be properly surveyed and advantage taken of the knowledge gained.

Anatolia is the real nursery of the Turk. From thence are taken the best soldiers and sailors, from thence comes the revenue (alas! sadly reduced) that still keeps Turkey alive, and from thence might come such riches as California never produced. But what can be expected? Turkey is never left quiet; she is continually threatened by revolutions and troubles of every description, and her so-called friends always desert her in her extremities.

I have especially refrained in this paper from speaking of Turkey's possessions in Africa. There injustice has been meted out to Turkey, simply in accord with the filibustering proclivities of the nineteenth century. Still a vast territory remains under her sovereignty. Egypt has not yet been taken from her, and England, though playing until now what may be called a fast and loose game, has never supported or proposed a policy of annexation pure and simple. Tripoli remains purely a Turkish possession, and I trust *will* remain so. *There* defences can be—in fact are already—made, and the warlike tribes who inhabit the neighboring country would be difficult to subjugate, more so even than the brave men who defended the Soudan, for they would be better armed, aided by Turkish troops, and their seaport can be defended by torpedoes, etc., etc. The bombardment of Tripoli would little avail the would-be conquerors of the neighboring country.

One of the most curious events in all the "take what you can" system, so much in vogue of late years, has been the action of Italy in the eastern part of the Soudan. Without rhyme or reason she throws a body of her troops into that hitherto little known region, sends ships and torpedo boats to fight the Arabs in the neighboring mountains, loses half the entire army by fever, and is too proud to come away and admit that she has made a mess of it. And of what she intends to do neither she nor any one else seems to have the slightest notion. She has not even the excuse that she wishes to protect the road to

India; but she is there, and while there she retains the most friendly relations with the Porte, part of whose domain she has simply taken (as it were) possession of—I suppose because she thinks that as France was in Tunis, England in Egypt, she must have a bit of the cake too. I hopes she likes her morsel, but, to be candid, it is very hard upon her gallant soldiers and sailors to have such a part to play.

Since writing the above, events in Bulgaria, combined with the general movement and excitement of the neighboring States, prove the animus which, though up till now more or less dormant, influences the people of these countries. As I have already remarked in the beginning of this article, their chief ideas seem covetousness and intrigue. One and all, from Russia down to the smallest of the "infant liberties," they lie in wait to prey upon their neighbors. The Ottoman Empire is the principal aim of these ambitions, and the slightest move on the part of the "sick man" is an excuse for a snatch at some of his possessions. The only one amongst them who seems endowed with prudence, self-control, and a desire to mind his own business, is the victim himself. Even Mr. Gladstone must acknowledge that Turkey shows to advantage in the present crisis. The wisdom of the sultan in refraining from immediate hostilities when he had every right to interfere has probably averted a European conflagration; and it is curious to note that he is now the peace-maker, and that the appeal for his assistance comes from the very people that have always been represented to Europe as the former victims of his cruelty and oppression. These are the Christian populations whose emancipation from Turkish rule was supposed to be the best guarantee for the maintenance of peace and civilization. Now we see them ready to fly at each other's throats, and in their rage accusing each other of atrocities such as formerly only the "unspeakable one" could have been believed guilty of. In truth, these turbulent and impetuous little States, the nurslings of modern Europe, seem hardly capable of self-government. It is not the princes of Servia and Bulgaria who are in reality responsible for the deplorable carnage which is taking place in their dominions; they found it impossible to restrain the warlike eagerness of their people, and were thus almost forcibly involved in a struggle which can only result in loss and

disaster on both sides. Those theorists who pretend that democracy is identical with peace must be somewhat staggered at seeing these entirely popular risings in Servia and Bulgaria, not to speak of the fomentation daily increasing amongst the populations of Greece, Albania, etc., who, if Servia is successful, will probably force the hands of their rulers and call up other scenes of bloodshed. Why cannot these foolish enthusiasts understand that by giving way to their misguided ambition they are playing into the hands of their worst enemies, besides bringing poverty and misery upon themselves? The invasion of Bulgaria has already cost Servia hundreds of lives, without counting the enormous expenses of the campaign; and it is very doubtful whether she will obtain an inch of territory, or even the costs of the war, which she demands under the pretext that hostilities were caused by the infringement of the frontier at Vlasina. The Porte has declared to Prince Alexander, through Kiamil Pasha, that it "will not allow a single point of the imperial frontier to be changed," though this decision would depend entirely upon the restoration of the *status quo ante*. Russia has formally notified her disapproval of Servia's proceedings, and is not likely to give her vote in favor of an indemnity; in fact, there is small hope of any repayment on either side, for both States are about as impecunious as they can well be. However, be this as it may, it is certain that Servia has no longer any excuse for continuing the war. She has re-established the Treaty of Berlin, not because she desired so to do — her intentions were not so Quixotic — but simply that she might, relying on the protection of Austria, find a good opportunity for seizing on Trn and Widdin, which she has long been coveting. Bulgaria has made her submission to the Porte, and consequently is now a part of Ottoman territory, so that any attack upon her becomes a direct attack upon Turkey. If the powers continue to permit Servia, contrary to international law, to violate Turkish territory, and if they will not take active measures against her, it behoves Prince Alexander to drive Servia out of his dominions single-handed. It is painful to read the daily accounts of this prolonged and fratricidal struggle. We hear of terrible slaughters, of the wounded lying exposed for days to drenching rain and snow, of half-clothed recruits passing nights without shelter on the freezing Visker Mountains and the

heights of Solintse, while the cold is so intense that the Dragoman pass is blocked with snow, and all the roads across the mountains have become impracticable. Surely it is time to put an end to such sufferings. The proper and humane course open to the powers must be to insist at once upon an armistice, pending the decision of the conference.

It is not my intention to advocate the rights of either of these contending provinces, seeing that they are both in the wrong. There is no doubt that Prince Alexander was to blame in placing himself at the head of the revolution in favor of the union, for he thus was the original cause of the difficulty, by violating the Treaty of Berlin; but it is equally certain that his independent action has had the salutary effect of thwarting the designs of Russia, and also that his present attitude removes all reasons for Muscovite interference. I am convinced myself that Servia too has, unintentionally, defeated the calculations of Russia, which hoped to force all the onus of the war with Bulgaria upon the sultan, and was working the conferences in that direction. A more serious movement towards the defeat of Russian ambition could hardly be imagined than a united Bulgaria, for such a power would always be a standing bulwark against its encroachments. But it would seem that all idea of the union must be renounced for the present; though, as Bulgaria has now given Europe a proof of her determination not to be influenced by Russia, she may perhaps look forward to the day when her dream may be realized. In the mean time, let the unruly little States around her take warning and rest assured that their soundest policy consists not in destroying one another, but in fraternal co-operation, in concentrating their forces, and preparing gallantly for the often delayed but inevitable attack of their real foe, the great Russian bear, who only waits his opportunity to make a clean sweep of them all.

HOBART PASHA.

Constantinople.

From Temple Bar.

AUBER.

THE nation *la plus spirituelle du monde* counts among its greatest composers Daniel François Esprit Auber, whose Christian name, "Esprit," seems to have been a favorable omen for one of the most

*spiritual* musicians who ever delighted the public, not only of France but of the world, by refined, harmonious, witty music, if I may so term it.

Mozart began writing as a mere child, and he died barely thirty-five years old, yet he left an admirable library of masterpieces of sacred, operatic, instrumental, and vocal works. Rossini's rapid working was entirely due, not to his activity, but to his idleness, because he left everything to the last moment, and was then compelled to write so rapidly, only too eager to return to his beloved "doing nothing." He gave up writing when he was a little over thirty. Auber began serious work when he was nearer forty than thirty, in fact, his first opera — not a success — was produced when he was thirty-seven years old. He had the good sense to live to eighty-nine, and thereby made up the time which he had lost at the beginning of his life.

I remember having seen at Paris Heine, the poetical singer, or the singing poet, whose verses were so melodiously written that music for them arose spontaneously to many a composer while he read them. Théophile Gautier, who translated these verses, had such respect for their inimitable form that he never tried to rhyme his translation, but only to lend his French expression to the ideas. In English there are many good translations, but especially one by Julian Fane, the brother of the present, and the genial son of that art-loving Earl of Westmoreland who founded the Royal Academy of Music. To Heine then I went, to see the inspired bard who had sung better than any contemporary poet the sufferings and blessings of love:

Die Engel nennen es Himmelsfreud',  
Die Teufel nennen es Höllenleid,  
Die Menschen die nennen es Liebe.

"The angels," he says, "call it heaven's delight, the devil calls it Hades' fright, but men just call it — love." I remember when I saw him whose eternal theme was this sweet disease of youth, and he could no longer boast the curly hair and silky moustache of the young lover; I was fully prepared to see him with a stern look, having long passed the years of folly. But how did I find him? Old, shrivelled, dried-up, with a large green shade over one eye, the other protruding and barely seeing, he was stretched on the floor with a cushion under his head, and a counterpane over the short, thin legs, a thorough invalid, yet receiving me in the kindest manner, and full of sarcasm about his own condition. While we were talking about

the immense popularity of his "Buch der Lieder," he said, "Popularity is very fine, but what little of it I may have, I get only because I live in Paris. The Germans will not let their own great men enjoy celebrity before they are dead." "And how," said I, "did Goethe live, distinguished by every mark of favor that sovereign or nation could bestow on him?" "Goethe," he said, "was too clever to die before he attained all he wished. An octogenarian succeeds at last, but I can't wait so long, I am rather pressed for time." Poor man! he told me, that in the night just past he had suffered very much. He could not endure any one to be in the room with him in the dark, and he wanted only a glass of water to be left within reach against the time he might awake during the night. That glass, it seems, was not exactly at the right place, and when he reached for it, he upset it, and there he was, thirsty, alone, unable to call, not strong enough to grope his way to the call-bell, and condemned to wait till morning to get a drop of water. He was indeed, as he said, pressed for time, because a month after this conversation he was dead. Auber's *esprit* to live up to eighty-nine and give his contemporaries time enough to let him enjoy *les grandeurs et jouissances de la gloire*, reminded me of Heine's words that he could not wait so long.

Auber was born in 1782 — not, as many biographers have it, in 1784 — and at Caen, where his mother was on a travelling visit. His grandfather had been appointed *décorateur des carrosses de Louis XVI*. Imagine what a responsibility for the peace of the State. Decorator of the king's carriages, forsooth! The times, however, were not royalist. A storm began to blow which made royalty lose its equilibrium, and Papa Auber with all his dignities had to flee for his life, until Napoleon I., the very *enfant de la Révolution*, seized the sceptre. The Aubers then came back, and instead of carriage decoration, established a *commerce de gravures*. Auber's father had been a suspect during the Revolution, on account of his connection with the court, and his being established in the street which to this day is called La Rue des Petites Ecuries. Very fond of music, far from opposing his son's inclination, he took him to a master, Monsieur Landurner, who gave young Daniel violin lessons. The name of this professor has a dreadful German sound, but Germans have from time immemorial been good instrumental teachers, and

young Auber made good use of his time, and rapid progress. A violin concerto, which he composed later on, was the result of these studies. What he wrote first was a *cahier de romances*, to please the ladies whom he knew, and by whom he was known as an amateur. Rather timid, and not meeting with much success in these songs, he got tired of music, and asked his father to get him an introduction to some great *commerçant*, but when he was established behind a desk with a big ledger on it, book-keeping became so tedious to him, that he was suddenly taken with a desire to study business and the English language in London; and, procuring numbers of introductions, to London he went with a friend of his.

When he arrived in the English metropolis he was much more interested in the auburn hair and the fair faces of the ladies, so he decided to leave the commercial studies to his friend, simply burned all his business introductions, and sacrificed on the altar of grace and beauty all that his talent enabled him to lay at their feet. If I may be allowed to step out of the regular progression from child to boy, and boy to man, I might say that his perpetual noting down of little melodies gained him the reputation of a composer of "small" music, but, as Rossini said, "He may write small music, but he writes it like a great and accomplished musician." It is well known that in the same way Catalani said of Son- tag: "Her *genre* is small, but she is great in her *genre*." When one comes to compare what one artist says of another, there is not always such fair and kind impartiality as Rossini showed to Auber. Even Beethoven, whose misfortune was to have flown so high before his time that his contemporaries could barely follow him, when asked his opinion about Rossini, said he might have been somebody if he had only studied more seriously. Yet that same Beethoven, that recognized colossus among composers, was once discussed by Kreutzer and Habeneck; by the very Kreutzer, the violinist, whose name he immortalized in his so-called "Kreutzer Sonata;" and by Habeneck, the man who thirty-five years ago introduced Beethoven's symphonies to the Conservatoire audiences, and most undoubtedly secured the best possible performances of them ever given in any country. Only this was after Beethoven's death, and the conversation alluded to took place in 1820, when Beethoven was all but unknown in France. Then Habeneck asked Kreutzer, "What

do you think of Beethoven?" "In what respect?" asked Kreutzer. "Why, as a composer," said Habeneck. "Oh, a poor fool who will never do anything worth preserving!" replied the man whose very existence would already be forgotten had he not had the great luck to be "preserved" under the wings of the man whose every bar has survived a whole army of executants.

One of Auber's biographers says that Auber composed without study, because he was better served "by a natural instinct than by sustained application to study." A very strange assertion, seeing that the same biographer speaks of a conversation between Cherubini, the director of the Paris Conservatoire, and Auber's father, who took young Daniel to the great composer to learn whether there was any serious hope for the musical career of his son, and received the following reply, which I wish could be engraved in marble for all students with undeniable disposition and talent: "Undoubtedly your son has a gifted nature, and if properly developed he may attain a very high position. But before all, he will have to unlearn all he has until now considered the proper way of writing, and then he must begin from A to work and study, and go through a regular training and musical education, or he will never do any solid work." Until then he had led the agreeable life of a romance writer for the sake of romance, because he preferred being happy to being celebrated. Was he right or wrong? I will not take upon me to decide the question. Schiller, the great German poet, speaks of a king who on his death-bed is asked by his successor: "You have seen life in its every aspect. You have had every enjoyment and every pleasure. What is now, as the curtain falls, your opinion of the great drama?" To which the dying king replies, "Hearty contempt for everything that seemed to me great or desirable." Being happy is so relative, that whilst one person is happy in a barrel for a house, and has no other favor to ask of a king than to step aside, so as not to intercept the sun's rays; another, surrounded with every blessing, position, and wealth, which a throne can procure, dies, despising all that had seemed to him worth having, or elevated and coveted in life. Auber, then, preferred being happy to earning or working for a great and celebrated name. His father, however, was not of the opinion that fooling away life in order to please



the ladies was a worthy existence, and he compelled his son to look life seriously in the face, and to choose a career that *mis-cuit utile dulci*, "that gave him wealth and glory, and nevertheless left him leisure" enough to sacrifice his artistic offerings on the altar of any admired beauty.

The first step which Auber took as a composer was not very practical. He wrote for the then well-known violoncello player Lamarre, a certain number of concertos, which were signed by Lamarre as composer. Having thus taken unto himself the glory of the work, Lamarre was not scrupulous enough to trouble young Auber with accounts or payments, or other such tedious proceedings. He was practical and logical, and having kept Auber's merit to himself, he kept the eventual payment for the same too, which made the affair more complete, and saved Auber the bother of counting and calculating, an occupation against which his artistic nature revolted, and which therefore Lamarre was generous enough to take upon himself. He wrote a concerto, too, for the violinist Mazas, which had so great a success that his father said to him, "Malheureux, si tu n'écris pas pour le théâtre, je te maudis." Finding, as I said before, that the *salons* and their amusement offered no serious compensation in any way whatever, he began his studies under Cherubini, and then he composed a *messe à quatre voix*, which was never published, except the *Agnus Dei*, which he used as the prayer in "Masaniello."

In 1813 he came out with "Le Séjour militaire," which brought him neither laurels nor a heavy cheque. This opera, either on account of the very grave political times, or because the composer was not known enough, was soon forgotten, and from 1813 to 1819 Auber did nothing but run to the librettists, begging for a new book. "And did you," a friend asked him, "submit your desire only to the great authors?" "Great and small," he said, "I went to everybody patiently every day for six years, nearly as long as Jacob served for Rachel, but I did not even acquire a Leah — nobody had confidence in my talent." He went, among others, to a Monsieur Planard every day, rain or sunshine, cold or hot, and when he got a little piece — "Le Testament et les Billets-doux" — he failed entirely. Everybody instantly said at Paris, where nothing succeeds like success, and where a failure is a man's moral death: "What can you expect from a *freluquet* who does

nothing but run after the ladies? *He will never do any good.*"

Then his father died, supposed to be very rich, but without leaving him a penny; and necessity, that great mother of great work and great invention, compelled him to do better. And he did better. In 1820 he produced "La Bergère Châtelaine," his first success. At last! Of his previous opera a kind friend had written: "In the music there are no noisy effects — it is written with a *sagesse extrême*." And that *was* a merit, for young composers usually overstep the line, in the direction of loud instrumentation. They are always afraid of not being sonorous enough, and the brass and the drums are worked as if by steam-power. It was therefore his great good sense which kept Auber within bounds. But the *Journal des Débats*, then the great oracle in France, published one line of cutting sharpness: "La musique est d'un jeune homme!" That was all.

His first success was therefore all the more important for a man thirty-eight years old, when it is considered that Rossini had already ceased to write long before that age, covered with glory. Auber achieved another success in 1821 with "Emma." But the critics of the time not only felt disinclined to risk any great praise for a man who had only had some *succès d'estime*, and whom it was perhaps not "safe" to praise; but when Castil Blaze (who had an opinion of his own, and the courage to express it whether he stood alone or not) said that "the music was *spirituelle* and dramatic," that it was "the great and good school of music," they attacked him so violently, for being the only prophet among them, that he wrote in answer: "Messieurs, please agree among yourselves; I am assailed by one side for patronizing foreigners, by the other for being governed only by my patriotic zeal. I say that the music of Monsieur Auber is charming, melodious, well written, and the time will come when you will all say the same." And the time did come, the reader knows that. The success of a little opera written for amateurs, had such an effect upon the singers, that one and all proposed to carry him on their shoulders to the theatre. There is, however, an incident which I shall take good care not to pass over.

During the dress rehearsal of this little opera ("Julie"), which he had written in one week, he saw one of the amateurs who played the fiddle in that small orches-

tra staring at a very handsome girl who sang on the stage, but so fixedly that he held his bow on the violin without playing a note. After having observed him awhile, Auber approached him politely and said, "It seems to me that you are not exactly playing in time?" "Ah," said the amateur, "*vous croyez?*" I must tell you candidly that I paint a little, and when I see such a pretty model, with such a pure complexion, I admire her above all." The name of this amateur who painted "a little" was Ingres, and from that day, for fifty-two years, he and Auber remained great friends. I must here mention a circumstance which I heard of from Ingres himself, and which teaches a good lesson to this age. Ingres told me that for a great many years before he dared to sketch anything like a figure, he was compelled to design nothing but lines, circles, and mathematical outlines. When he began to sketch figures he was again kept for years to the inanimate, before he was permitted to sketch from nature; and before he dared to take a palette in his hand and paint in oils, no less than seven years passed. Only thus are great artists developed; and as it is with one art so it is with another. It is because so few pupils will take the trouble seriously to study, thoroughly to learn, and slowly and surely to advance, that we have and shall have less and less of the great singers. In the Paris Conservatoire they must remain six years, or they are not admitted to the competition for prizes. Since the acquiring a first or even a second prize has the advantage of an immediate engagement at some lyric theatre, the pupils take good care not to lose their opportunity. If we had a great musical college in England where whoever was found on examination to be worthy, would be instructed gratis, on condition that he or she should submit to the rules of the institution, and should regularly attend the classes until the moment arrived to compete for the *first prize*, we should reach great results, for voices and intelligence are not lacking. It is the perseverance which is wanting, the eagerness to rush before the public which is ruinous, simply because you can sing a trumpery ballad and earn two guineas; thus preventing talents, otherwise capable of becoming the glory of their country, from developing into that artistic completeness which cannot be obtained in any art without long and hard work.

Necessity made Auber work, and he was at last rewarded when he was politely approached by Scribe, who asked his per-

mission to use a *romance* of his in a new play.\* The acquaintance once made, they worked a long lifetime together. Auber in one year achieved two successes (1832): "*Leicester*" first, "*La Neige*" afterwards. If there was any need to prove the fickleness of the French public, it might be furnished by this latter opera, into which Auber interpolated an air that he had previously written to Italian words. The pit rose against it. One shouted "*Paix à l'orchestre*," another, "*Cut it out*," and when the air was continued a cry suddenly arose, "*Ce n'est donc pas fini?*" Anybody else would have taken the air and burned it. But Auber knew his public too well. After a time he inserted the same air in the "*Fiancée*," and it created quite a *furore*.

Auber uttered so many *mots spirituels*, that he was very often supposed to be the author of many amusing *méchancetés* of which he was guiltless. Although extremely courteous—he belonged to the good old times of the last century—he occasionally launched a little criticism which cut sharply enough. Thus he said of Madame Rigault, a fair-haired, extremely correct, but cold singer, "There is a prima donna who might fire the rockets of her immense technique into a powder-mill without the slightest danger to any body around it." In one of the biographies of Auber, I find that he was never among the audience at any of his performances, and had never allowed himself to be called before the footlights. In those days (I speak of 1823) the mania of calling for the actors or singers, now so ridiculously common in Paris through the *claque*, did not exist, and the luminaries of Paris in the first quarter of this century—Talma, Martin, Elleveion—were never recalled. It was only in later days that, following the Italian rage, the fashion invaded Paris, and the *claque* carried it to the greatest extreme; indeed the *chefs d'emploi* contracted with the *claque* for a

\* The two letters are rather remarkable for shortness and courtesy:—

Scribe wrote:

"Monsieur, voulez-vous me permettre de placer, dans un vaudeville que j'écris en ce moment pour le théâtre de Madame, votre ronde si jolie et si justement populaire de *la Bergère Châteline*? Je ne vous cacherais pas, monsieur, que je me suis engagé auprès de mon directeur à faire réussir ma pièce, et que j'ai comté pour cela sur votre charmante musique."

To which Auber replied:

"Ma ronde est peu de chose, monsieur, et votre esprit peut se passer de mon faible secours. Mais si, avec la permission que vous me demandez, et dont vous n'avez nul besoin, je pouvais vous prêter la jolie voix et le joli visage de Mme. Boulanger, je crois que nous ferions tous les deux une bonne affaire."

reception, a recall, laughter, or sobbing at given moments. I once asked the great *chef* David, who died last year, this question: "Supposing there were two tenors or two sopranos who both pay you, but one of whom wishes to be applauded more than the other; or say, one being recalled, the other wishes a double recall. Both being customers, what would you do?" "Sir," he said, with a majestic air, waving his hand, "I am an honorable man, and I would give the preference to the one who pays best."

There could be no doubt about the great success of "La Neige" at the Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique. But the critics did not yet feel safe enough, and measured him out scanty praise. "'La Neige' est une composition agréable," said the one. "The inability of Monsieur Auber to create new melodies," said the other, (and note, please, that the facility with which he invented new melodies was, to the last, one of his greatest qualities) "led him to copy a great contemporary" (Rossini) "and try to make himself his rival." Auber bore it all with the greatest equanimity, but his friends grew furious at the musical critics, and one of the best judges of the present time thundered out a perfect diatribe against those people who "wrote without any right to do so." But when have these things been different in Paris?

The reproach that Auber tried to rival Rossini was at that time not only out of place, but it was, if I may say so, no reproach, for Rossini was at the moment simply adored by all Paris. What he wrote, what he said, what he did, were the common talk of the whole town. Once he went to see his "Barbieri." Madame Fodor sang Rosina, and Garcia — the father of the great professor who lives in London, Manuel Garcia, the master who taught Jenny Lind, Katherine Hayes, Giulietta Grisi, etc. — sang Almaviva. Rossini was hidden in a *baignoire* — that is, a small box behind the orchestra. Madame Fodor having inserted in the singing lesson Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti," Garcia exclaimed, while applauding: "Bravissima, questa musica è d'un giovinotto di gran genio." (This is the composition of a young man of great genius.) So saying, he turned to the little *baignoire*. The public caught the look and made so uproarious a noise that Rossini had to get up, come to the front, and bow.

Auber did all he could to make Rossini's acquaintance, and he met him at dinner at a mutual friend's, Caraffa. There

arose a question whether Lablache or Pellegrini sang the Figaro better, and Rossini seated himself at the piano and sang the famous first air of the Barber, accompanying himself with such *brio*, with such *entrain* that Auber said: "When Rossini got up I stared at the ivory keys, it seemed to me that they must smoke!"

I have heard Rossini accompany, and I have had the honor of being accompanied by him myself. Such perfection I have never heard, and I very much fear I shall never hear again. His stout, old fingers produced on the piano a *legato* like a violin; and so marvelously did he follow the voice or the instrument which he was accompanying that he guessed what the other performer would do, to such an extent, you might have changed *ex improviso* every moment, and he would have followed you, however unforeseen your mood might have been. Poor Auber! when I saw him at Rossini's funeral in his grand uniform as academician, with the *plaque* of the Legion of Honor, bowed down with grief over the loss of the genius who lay in his coffin, he said: "C'est la dernière fois que j'assiste à des funérailles EN AMATEUR!" For Auber, Rossini was the master of masters — he called him "the Napoleon of music."

In 1825, Auber wrote "Le Maçon," the libretto of which Scribe simply purloined from an English novel, without going through the ceremony of indicating its source. Although a certain paper said that the opera, which was translated and played all over Europe, was the feeble work of a man used up, totally finished, Auber wrote after this his real *chef-d'œuvre*, "La Muette de Portici," known in England under the name of "Masaniello." I may here mention that the principal tenor of "Le Maçon" was Ponchard, whose great merit — may it find many imitators in England — was a most distinct pronunciation, and all the attention it deserves given to the text. The *sujet* of the "Maçon" was the rather romantic story of a hangman at Strasbourg, who suddenly at night hears a loud knock at his door, and finds three men armed *de cap à pie*, who command him to follow them, having first blindfolded him. They then put him in a carriage which, after long roundabout ways, brings them to a house where they are led into the presence of several gentlemen, who all seem to pay great respect to one in the midst of them, who has a tall and commanding appearance. A door then opens, and a young and handsome woman, clad in deep

mourning, is introduced. The old gentleman presses her to his heart and, after a tender leave-taking, hands her over to the hangman, to be either immured alive or to have her head cut off. After which the executioner is again blindfolded and with the same precautions brought back to his house. This is lugubrious enough, yet it is the basis upon which Scribe and Auber worked their successful *opéra comique*.

Perpetually taunted for writing "small," which meant that he continually wrote *opéras comiques*, as if the sustained breath of an *opéra seria* was refused him, he asked Scribe whether they could not "just try their hand" at a grand opera. Scribe said nothing, but when they discussed the singers to whom they might confide their good fortune, Scribe suddenly exclaimed: "*Fai notre affaire*. There is no great singer available at the Opéra. I know what to do. I have my subject." "What," said Auber, "is the title?" "La Muette de Portici!" (The Dumb Maid of Portici), said Scribe. "Since they cannot sing, let the first part be given to a dancer, and let her mimic what she has to say. Your orchestra must provide a most *spirituel* and sweet accompaniment."

The idea certainly was new and risky. It is asserted that the plan once fixed, Scribe and Germain Delavigne wrote the libretto in eight days, and handed it in December, 1827, to Auber, who wrote the score in three months. The *furor* which the opera created is well known, and it is stated by Auber's friends that of the duet, "Amour sacré de la patrie," which drove Paris wild for months, Rossini said: "Je n'ai rien fait d'aussi beau." With all due respect to Auber and to the very reliable biographer who says so, I humbly beg permission to doubt this. That Rossini may have said so to Auber, I will not contest for one moment, but that by so saying he deliberately expressed his opinion that he never had written anything so beautiful — which no musician would endorse — is what nobody will make me believe. Rossini was far from narrow-minded or jealous, and all the gossiping stories of his having been jealous of Meyerbeer, or anybody, are certainly not true. But the opinion which *au fond* he had of himself, although he took good care rather to let others praise his work than that he should do so himself, was far too good to suffer him to speak with such sweeping abnegation. I remember how he once replied to Madame Alboni, who said to him: "What do you want more, *l'humanité en-*

*tière est à vos pieds*." "If you knew," said he, "*comme je m'en fiche de votre humanité*." Is it very likely that a man who thought himself so much higher than all humanity, would say of a duet, which is effective certainly, but moderately grand: "Je n'ai jamais rien fait d'aussi beau"?

*Esprit* and grace may be superficial qualities, but they are essentially Auber's qualities. He is the very personification of the refined Frenchman, and therefore he became so popular in France. There is a duet in the "Maçon" sung by two women who quarrel with each other, and it is impossible to find wittier music, or music which so exactly expresses the meaning of the words.

On the 29th of February, 1828, the first performance of "La Muette" took place. Everybody knows that it treats of an Italian revolution. Louis Philippe, after the July days of 1830, told Auber that his music had encouraged the Revolution. The compliment was a trifle far-fetched, seeing that, if true, it took two years to set fire to the mine. But the humor of the story lies in this. The king seemed to be all gratitude to Auber, for had not the Revolution put him upon the throne of France? He asked Auber what favor he could do him in exchange. When Diogenes replied to Alexander, who offered him any favor he might ask for, that he would feel obliged if Alexander would move out of the sunshine, because his shadow prevented Diogenes from enjoying the warm rays, the courtiers seemed frightened that Alexander would be offended; but the hero answered: "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." With King Louis Philippe it was very nearly the same. He offered all he could do, and Auber very simply answered that he wanted "nothing." And what was it that the king, who so much congratulated Auber upon his opera, then asked him to do? Not to allow the "Muette" to be played again! "Pas trop souvent," he said, but the fact is that it all but disappeared from the *répertoire*, simply because the royal admirer of the score was afraid of the effect which the revolutionary movement on the stage would have on the audience.

I will here mention a grand *deus ex machina* which Scribe put into the opera "Fiorella," which Auber composed just before "Masaneillo." A young girl, deceived by a rich lover, who went through a mock marriage with her, suddenly finds herself abandoned, and goes into a convent. Whom should she find before the

door of the convent but the troubadour Rodolphe, who had always loved her, and whom she had always loved, although just a little distraction had made her marry the other man. Love is blind, you know, and such mistakes are but too natural. Rodolphe at first does not see it exactly in that light, and will not receive her into his heart of hearts. But she pleads, and sobs, and loves him so sincerely, now that the other man is gone, that he forgives her and they leave the convent, bound, I suppose, on a pedestrian expedition. As she is very scantily clad in rags and it is very cold, Rodolphe, in order to warm her, smashes his guitar to pieces, and burns it there and then with the flame of his fiery passion. Let nobody now say that a guitar is good for nothing. After this proof of his love *malgré lui* they are happy, so long as the little wood flickers, after which there being no more wood or coal to be had, they go to church to be married; whether by special license, and with what wedding dress, I know not.

"Masaniello" with a dumb prima donna, a dancer and not a singer, was attacked with vehemence, like everything that is new. The fact is that there was no reason why she should be dumb. If after the atrocious deed of Prince Alphonse, she should have appeared unable to explain the wrong done to her, because she was dumb, and thus have become the victim of her unfortunate infirmity, there would be a tragic effect in her unmerited fate. But the only reason why Scribe chose this novel method, was that at the Grand Opéra there happened to be no great soprano, and Mlle. Bigottini, the Fanny Elssler of the First Empire, had chanced to give a charity performance in which she reappeared after her retirement, and gained enormous success; so Scribe jumped at the idea of appropriating this popular artiste for his piece, to secure its success. The very mimic talent of this great dancer, enabling her so thoroughly to explain by eloquent gestures what had happened, showed the anomaly of confiding a first rôle of an opera to a *ballerina*. Of Nourrit, who appeared in the opera as Masaniello, a contemporary said: "It is not his voice, it is his soul which one admires singing." He seems, however, to have sung with so much soul that his voice gave way, and when he found he could no more give expression to his poetical feelings, having lost the organ indispensable for such interpretation, he committed suicide.

With the kind feeling of *camaraderie*,

which is habitual among tenors, Duprez, who then reigned supreme at the Opéra, said that Nourrit had killed himself, hearing of his (Duprez's) success; but Nourrit's voice had been some time giving way, and at last he himself became aware of it, although the artist concerned is usually the last to know. I shall never forget the scene I witnessed at the Paris Opéra, when Roger, who sang his last notes, suddenly made a *comac*, and some people laughed. At first he stopped dumbfounded, then suddenly he tore down his crown, and rushed to the other end of the stage, sobbing so loudly that the public shouted to him: "Calmez-vous; parlez, ne chantez pas." But he felt it was all over, and he never appeared again at the Grand Opéra. He would perhaps never have appeared again before the public had he not had the misfortune to shoot his own arm off. He was then persuaded to re-appear at the Opéra Comique, where he had made his *début*, and where he was assured the fine remains of his voice would suffice. Whether that was so or not, he nightly filled the house, but not with his fame, nor with his singing, but with his arm. A mechanician had contrived to make him a mechanical arm, the fingers of which were small tweezers with which he could hold a letter or any other paper. Across his back under the coat he had a thick elastic string attached to the artificial arm, on one side, and to the other shoulder with the other end. By drawing the shoulder up, the elastic bent the elbow of the artificial arm so that the imaginary fingers could receive any small object and hold it fast. This toy attracted the attention of the audience, and became the town talk, and to it this incomparable artist owed his latest successes.

Opinions on the undoubted and indisputable effect of this opera were very different, as so often happens. But let nobody cast a stone at the critics who do not agree. Only a few days ago I met with a good instance of the saying, When doctors disagree, etc. At a large dinner party, there were two medical authorities of the highest rank. The question was the cholera. One of the two physicians had studied what is called the Asiatic cholera in India, had acquired great experience, and in a most eloquent and what seemed to me most convincing manner proved the microbe theory, the fearfully infectious character of the disease, and, quoting a number of cases from his personal experience, seemed to be so convinced that he convinced all the rest of us.



Barely had he finished, when the other physician, just returned from Egypt, where he had studied the epidemic *sur place*, denied all his predecessor had said, maintained that the disease travelled along the rivers, and never changed its course, and gave instances *tant et plus*, which absolutely proved his case. In despair at not being able to make up my mind between two such authorities, I asked Dr. Z., who happened to sit near me, what was his opinion, and which of the two great men was to be believed. "Upon my word," he said, "I believe they are both right." Tableau!

One more word about that "Muette." The grand *motif* which so brilliantly shines through the overture, and appears again in the opera at the end of the fourth act as a march — do you know how Auber hit upon it? When, with his face covered with lather, he was about to begin shaving, the melody struck him, and just as Rossini wrote the prayer of Moses with a lotion before him, into which by mistake he dipped his pen, and involuntarily produced that famous natural, the real key to that grand effect in major, so Auber, with the razor in one hand and the pencil in the other, rushed to his desk, and, covered with artificial snow, he noted down a theme which made the tour of Europe, bearing upon its wings the fame of Auber.

Paris is to a certain extent perhaps, not the most amusing, but the gayest city in the world. The importance which amusement has in that city, and the anxious desire of everybody "to be there," produced in "Gustave, ou le Bal masqué," the same event as forty years later occurred in "L'Africaine." The "Bal" was so splendidly put on the stage, that a number of *grandes dames*, real ladies of high society, stole their way to the stage door, bribed the Cerberus whose duty it was to forbid entry to anybody not belonging to the theatre, but who resembled his prototype so far as to take the bait when offered, and there they threw themselves with fury into the bacchanalian dance, and enjoyed it all the more that they knew they were doing wrong. At the rehearsals of the "Africaine" I saw myself princes, dukes, and gentlemen coming on the stage as supers, carrying *hallebardes* or other paraphernalia, simply to be admitted to hear the music about which a mad excitement prevailed so long as it was new. Here let me say a word in favor of Madame Cinti-Damoreau, one of the admired Auber singers, of whom a great critic said

that she never tried to inflate her voice to give herself an appearance of greater strength than she possessed, or of an exaggerated passion. She sang on three great stages, but never has anybody heard her shout or force her voice. How I wish all our tenors and young *soprani* would take her example to heart!

Auber was perpetually "at it." Sometimes I met him on the boulevards, sometimes in his own street, Rue St. Georges, where he once amused me immensely, passing his door five times, and continually retracing his steps, because he — composed. He often went to sleep while he scored, and once I saw on his music paper a zigzag which looked like the sign which medical men make for an ounce. I looked long at it, to find out, without asking him, what it might signify. At last he smiled and said, "Vous étudiez mes hiéroglyphes. Eh bien, celle-là je vous la donne en mille." Of course I could not guess it, and he said that while writing, a dream of a rather drowsy kind overcame him, and the pen, following his retiring movement, "described" the sketch mentioned.

Auber was sometimes surprised at the grandeur of his fame. He was modest itself, and it is rather amusing to compare him to another composer, a contemporary of his, Spontini, who at a dress rehearsal of one of his operas (I believe it was "Olympia") appeared at the desk in grand costume, covered with all the decorations he was favored with. Approaching his desk slowly and majestically, he elevated the baton, fixed his eagle eyes on the full orchestra and chorus, and spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, the work which we are going to have the honor of performing is a masterpiece. Now then!"

Auber seemed to be always providing for a rainy day. He perpetually noted down *motivos*. Then, when he had an opera to write, he took his sketch-books and there chose among the thousands of notes what he wanted. He used to say that the difficulty for him was not to get millions, but to know how properly to spend them or use them. So long as there is a question of musical notes, that may be so, but if there should be a question of banknotes, it always seems to me the case is the reverse — a much greater difficulty how to accumulate millions than to spend them. It is clear that with so many operas pouring from his ever ready pen, he occupied a great number of singers, and he had always something soothing to say even when he was not particularly

pleased; for instance of Ricquier, who used to sing with a downright false intonation, he said: "Ricquier sings *between* the keys of the piano." Berlioz did not use such kid gloves when he had something to say against a singer. He wrote about Duprez, whose perpetual *écarts de voix* broke at last even his steel organ, although he had for thirteen years tyrannized over the Opéra without anybody daring to say what everybody was hinting: "Duprez shouts so that it hurts the chest of the audience."

"Fra Diavolo," "Le Domino noir," "Les Diamants de la Couronne" (of which one critic said they were the last diamonds in Auber's crown), and many other successful operas, were translated into every civilized language and sung all over Europe. Fertility is not always a proof of greatness, because quantity is not necessarily quality, but it is undoubtedly more difficult to write a number of great things than a few. A horse may well run a mile in two minutes, but not five miles in twenty.

In the year 1844, Auber had great success with an opera called "Le Duc d'Orléans." Appointed *directeur des concerts de la cour*, he had to accompany those who by royal favor were received at the Tuileries to sing or play before their Majesties. It so happened that a young man arriving from Toulouse in the same year, and well recommended, was "commanded" to play at the palace, and Auber therefore had to accompany him. The name of the young violinist was Prosper Sainton, who has since been heard of in this good city of London. Anxious as every young artist is to make a name, and fancying that the day after he played at court every newspaper in Europe would be filled with all the details of his performance, — an illusion which so many of us have entertained, — he called on Auber to ask for an appointment in order to rehearse his piece. "Come at six o'clock," said Auber. "In the evening?" asked Sainton. "Not so," replied Auber, "at six in the morning." And at six in the morning young Sainton repaired to the house of the celebrated composer, who was already studiously working at his piano, and informed Sainton, who was surprised to see him up so early, "Ah, mais j'y suis depuis CINQ heures." They went through the piece, Auber asking to be allowed to make some change in the *ritournelles*; and in the evening they went to the palace, where they were received as if Auber had been king, and Louis Phi-

lippe a great musician. Queen Amélie sat there with her *broderie* in her hand; and the other ladies had some work to do. There was none of the etiquette of a royal family, but the kindness and simplicity of *bons bourgeois*. Auber sat down to the piano and accompanied the pupil to whom he had a very short time before, as president of the jury, awarded the *premier prix*, after which they all took tea together, making both Auber and Sainton forget that they did not belong to the royal family. When they went away, Auber conducted Sainton to his house and cut short his effusions of gratitude by saying: "But don't you see that it is only because I am older than you, that I can render you some service; when you reach my age you will do the same for your young friends;" and he left the young man dreaming of all he had achieved that evening, and mightily surprised next morning that there should be another subject of conversation all over Paris than the court concert where he had played. What an importance everything has in our own eyes that concerns us, and what long experience we need to perceive that we are but a drop in that ocean called the world! I say "we," because you and I, and I dare say everybody, more or less, has been in the same position and fancied what we have done was a matter of vast importance, which a few years later resembles a bubble that has burst.

When we remember that Auber wrote "Marco Spada" in 1852, that is to say, when he was seventy years old, the indestructible *verve* of this great man must strike everybody. This "Marco Spada" followed an opera less known, but which at its time created some sensation — "La Corbeille d'Oranges." I mention it only on account of one of the greatest singers of this century, who bowed then for the first time to a Parisian operatic audience — Marietta Alboni.

Everybody has heard the story of Mozart writing the overture to "Don Juan" at the very last moment, and rehearsing it whilst the ink was not dry with which it was written. When Auber wrote "La Sèreine," he rehearsed everything except the overture, which he left for the dress rehearsal the night before the performance. It was played, and displeased not only the performers, but, more than any one, Auber himself. It was nine o'clock in the evening. He said, "Go on rehearsing; I have something to do, but I will be back as soon as I can." At midnight he returned, and brought the full MS. of a

new overture. He gave it at once to the copyist and said to him, "It would be fine fun if this should be worse than the other one." "Impossible," said the copyist, who meant to be very courteous. The next evening the parts were all written out on the desks, and the overture was uproariously encored. Auber would never attend a performance of any of his operas. "If I did," he said, "I could never write another note." The delight he took in Rossini's music, made him one evening go to hear "William Tell," and he sat quietly waiting for the charming violoncello trio, which begins the overture. The conductor arrived and gave the sign. Oh, horror! Instead of the low E on two cello, a smashing diminished seventh. Through a prima donna's indisposition "William Tell" could not be given, and unknown to Auber the *spectacle* had been changed, and his "Masaniello" was put in the place of "Tell." So he jumped up as quickly as his green eighty-seven years would allow, and ran away from his own work.

A French critic who said that he never criticised music because he understood it, and left that business to those who did not (they are numerous in France), called Auber: "Cet adorable jeune homme de 87 ans." But that "amiable young man of 87" was forever having the weakness to write his last opera. Every score he sent to the Opéra Comique was the last one. He was just like those gamblers who always say, "If I win this time, I withdraw," and that goes on until they have nothing more to play with. A very great pianist, one of the greatest known, once sat at the "green table" at Baden Baden, and won thousand after thousand francs. I came in when he had won six thousand francs, and I begged of him to stop, and take his "mammon." He would not. He said he must have ten thousand francs. Well, he went on; he won again — so he had seven thousand, but he continued, lost, doubled, lost, and at last he lost everything he could lose, and then he swore he would not play again. A year afterwards in America I saw him at it furiously, and again and again losing. If you are possessed of a mania, be it a passion or a vice, do all you can to master it, or you will infallibly become its slave. Auber was, more than any known composer, the friend of the unknown singer. It was a point with him to "invent" a singer. Any sympathetic young girl with a fresh voice, any young man who boldly asserted his talent and had a nice appear-

ance, could be sure to get some *rôle* from Auber. Once before the footlights and launched in that world of variety called the stage, he was forgotten for some new discovery. Auber had a longer life than many men, not only because he lived more years, but because he lived more hours every day. He rarely slept four hours, and he once told me that he nearly did without sleep after his twentieth year. "When the sun rose and threw his brilliant rays into my room, I knew it was time to extinguish my lamp and go to bed." Like so many Parisians the atmosphere of the boulevards was the only one he thought fit to breathe. I well remember a lady who asked me where I had been travelling in August, and after I had told her, she exclaimed, "Ah! il n'y a qu'à Paris qu'on peut vivre!" It happened once to Auber that his doctor told him he must go away for a fortnight. He left for the country, remained there five days working from morning till night in his room, and then rushed back to Paris, and during the whole time of his return journey thought of nothing but the score which was to follow the one he had just finished.

He had a way of defending people for which they were not always grateful. It is well known what a scandal the first performance of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" caused, the Jockey Club being determined to hiss the opera to death. Several musicians discussed the music before Auber, who at last said: "It would be childish to deny Wagner's great talent. The misery is that his music is written like a book without a stop or a comma; you don't know where to take breath, and you are suffocated even when you feel inclined to admire." Wagner himself called it endless melody, and as we are all mortal and must grow towards an end, we cannot easily conceive the endless in any sense.

Auber prized his servants and his horses. He had two servants forty years, and I am not sure but that his despair when his horses were taken during the siege to be slaughtered and eaten, cut his life short. He would never admit that he was old. Some one showed him a white hair on his coat collar. "Oh," he said, "some old man must have passed me." "Don't you think," a lady asked him once, "that it is very unpleasant to get old?" "Very," he said, "but until now it has always been thought the only way you can live a long time."

Auber's last opera, strange to say, was "Le premier jour de Bonheur." He wrote

it for Madame Cabel, one of the three renowned vocalists of Paris who had been music-hall singers, that is, Cabel, Ugalde, and Marie Sass, who had one of the most superb voices ever heard at the Grand Opéra. A young singer, transparent with a pink and white complexion, made her *début* there, Marie Roze. She has developed her talent since then. On February 15th, 1868, the "young" octogenarian produced this last opera at the Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique, which had seen so many of his successes. As usual, he would not stay in the house to see it; but during the last act he came on the stage, and every one of the performers was sure, when the opera was over, he had but just seen him. Yet when public clamor called him before the curtain, as if by magic he had disappeared: they sought him everywhere, but found no Auber. When at last there was no chance of bringing him before the footlights, and the public began to leave the house, Monsieur Auber knocked at the door of Madame Cabel, who had played the chief part in the opera, and of Mlle. Marie Roze, who, though entrusted with a much smaller part, had really made the hit of the evening, and apologizing for his disappearance invited them both, and in fact all the principals, to a supper at the Café Anglais.

Auber, although well advanced in years, never felt tired: he did, as I said, without sleep, and at that supper the young singers were enlivened by his *verve* and his lively stories. But they began to feel a reaction after the excitement of the *première*, and Auber saw that he could not keep them much longer; so he called the *garçon* to pay his *addition*, which was quickly brought. But oh, horror! what did he find? He had no money. He told the *garçon*, "I am Monsieur Auber: I will pay to-morrow." "You may be Monsieur Auber, but you must pay to-night." A short conversation arose; the master of the establishment was not to be found; what was to be done? "I cannot help it," said Auber, "I must send to my *notaire*. He always has gold in his safe. It is a cruel thing to awake the poor man, who has been asleep probably for two hours; but what can I do?" He sent a few words, pencilled, by a cabman, with orders to insist on seeing the old gentleman, who, poor victim, half an hour later made his appearance in terror, and amazed like a point of interrogation. What could old Monsieur Auber have done — what scrape could he have got into — that at two o'clock in the morning he wanted his no-

tary to help him out? You may imagine how surprised he was when he heard that it was nothing but a few hundred francs Auber wanted to pay for his supper. But barely had he appeased the anxious waiter, when Auber struck his forehead with his open hand and said: "Ah, *que je suis bête*, I have my purse in my overcoat, now I think of it; I'll pay you back at once. And there is a sovereign for you," he said to the waiter. "T'as bien joué ton rôle!" Well, what was the explanation? He had the money in his pocket, and had played this farce with the waiter in order to keep the company an hour longer together!

Auber died during the siege, broken-hearted at being forced out of his habits, separated from his horses and his quiet way of life. He was as thorough a Frenchman as ever lived. Full of ready wit, fidgety to a degree even in his work, changing so much, that "some one else or something else" possessed the latest and greatest attraction for him; a gifted organization, a most amiable man, and the most fertile and successful composer of his time. Yet such is the ease with which Frenchmen forget even their *gloires nationales*, that beyond the little monument they erected for him in his *ville natale*, at Caen, if any one should propose a marble statue for Auber ten years hence, he would barely get the amount necessary for the plaster! *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

L. E.

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BULGARIA AND SERVIA.

IN the stirring history of the south-eastern peninsula during the present century there have been few moments of deeper interest, few of a more doubtful outlook, than that at which I am writing. There have been times of more fearful interest; say the time when it hung in the balance whether Greece might not become a wilderness without inhabitant, or be peopled afresh by settlements of barbarians. Such dangers as that have passed by. Even the "great powers," even the three so-called imperial powers, would hardly sit by and say that peace and order and equilibrium and the faith of treaties demanded another laying waste of Peloponnésos by another Ibrahim. But we now look on and see a sight which, if less fearful in itself, is in some sort more grievous, and which at the first glance seems more dis-

heartening, to all who have right and freedom at heart, than any wrong that has ever been done by the mere brute force of the barbarian from the day of Kossovo to the day of Batak. Two nations side by side, parts at least of two nations, have been set free from the yoke and have been called to a renewed national life after a bondage of ages. They have begun their new course; they are advancing towards an acknowledged place among the free and civilized States of Europe. They stand side by side in danger from the same enemies. They are threatened on the one hand by the old oppressor from whom they have been set free, and, on the other hand, by the subtler, the far more dangerous, enemy who lies waiting in his den to pick up some profit, however base, out of any disturbance that he can stir up among his neighbors. Between two nations, kindred in speech and creed and history, two nations with the same griefs to look back upon, with the same hopes to look forward to, set free but yesterday from the same oppressor, threatened at every moment by the same dangers, we might, if anywhere, have looked for that friendly union without which neither people can hope to maintain its freedom or its being. We might have hoped that that one of the two nations whose freedom was the older and more thorough, that which had risen to the full rank of an European kingdom, might have looked with some kindness on the neighbor which the mysterious will of what is strangely called "Europe" had condemned still to drag about with it some insulting traces of its former bondage. We might have looked to see the Servian kingdom take the Bulgarian principality in hand, as an elder sister guiding a younger in the path on which she has herself learned to walk before her. We might have deemed that every Servian heart would have rejoiced when one of the purest and most peaceful of revolutions raised another branch of the same great race to a political level bearing to their own. What we see instead is a grievous sight indeed. Two parts of the same nation, yearning for union but cruelly condemned to an unnatural partition, suddenly rise and bring about the union which is needful for the national life. If there ever was a national act, a righteous national act, it was the union of northern and southern Bulgaria. That a neighboring despot, who lives only by the weakness and disunion of nations, should gnash his teeth at such a sight as this is indeed not wonderful. But won-

derful it surely is that a free people, a kindred people, should see in the happy union of their brethren a wrong to themselves which can be washed out only in blood. The news of Bulgarian union—that is, the news of increased Slavonic strength—might indeed have sounded in Servian ears as a call to arms, but as a call to arms against the common enemy. The Turk, be it never forgotten, still holds in bondage both Servian and Bulgarian soil; since "Europe" decreed the strange partition of the Bulgarian lands, his yoke has grown even heavier than before. We might have looked to see Servians and Bulgarians march side by side to the deliverance of their brethren so cruelly betrayed. Instead of this, we see Servians and Bulgarians in arms; but it is in arms against each other. Without the shadow of a wrong done by Bulgarian to Servian, simply because Bulgaria has wrought her own union, Servian troops have entered Bulgarian territory in arms, and shed the blood of its defenders. No greater or more unprovoked wrong to an unoffending neighbor was ever wrought by Louis the Fourteenth or by either Buonaparte. And the defence is even more shameless than the act. The lowest doctrine of despots and diplomatists, the doctrine that the well-being of one nation is to be looked on as the damage of another, is taken into the mouth of a free people. We hear the jargon of "compensation" and "equilibrium." Because Bulgaria has become stronger, Servia is held to have become weaker; and Servians and Bulgarians are to be slaughtered, slaughtered under the eyes of rejoicing enemies on either side, to avenge the supposed damage done to Servia. To those who stand outside, it is hard to see how Servia lost by Bulgarian unity. But it is very easy to see that the mutual slaughter of Servian and Bulgarian, the abiding hatred between Servia and Bulgaria which is like to follow, is indeed a gain to the Austrian and the Turk.

The facts of the case are very simple. At the opening of the war of independence which began in Herzegovina in 1875, a large part of Servia already enjoyed practical independence; it formed a principality, paying tribute to the Turk, but in other respects free. Bulgaria, a vague word, but by which I mean all those lands where the whole or the majority of the people is Bulgarian, was altogether in hopeless bondage to the Turk. Servia, like Montenegro, joined in the war, though with less success than Montenegro. Bul-



garia, as all the world knows, became the special scene of the characteristic doings of the Turk, and was set free from his yoke by Russian deliverers. Then came the first Treaty of San Stefano between Russia and the Turk, the treaty which created the famous "big Bulgaria." No one can doubt that it was too big. It undoubtedly took in some territory that was not Bulgarian, but Greek, perhaps also some territory that was not Bulgarian, but Servian. The San Stefano Treaty moreover had the great fault of doing nothing at all for Greece in any shape, and it strangely neglected Bosnia and Herzegovina, the very lands in which the patriotic movement had begun. But its faults were cast into the shade by the monstrous arrangements of the Treaty of Berlin, the object of which seems to have been to secure the greatest unhappiness of the greatest number. Its only good provisions, that which suggested, rather than ordained, the deliverance of a part of enslaved Greece, were carefully worded so as to be capable of evasion. They remained wholly unfulfilled till Mr. Gladstone took office; they remain partly unfulfilled still. But the provisions with regard to Bulgaria, being designed for the discouragement of freedom, were carefully carried out. The land delivered by Russia was split into three. Part was handed over to the absolute dominion of the Turk. Part became a tributary principality, practically independent. Part under the grotesque name of Eastern Roumelia—a name which would more naturally take in Constantinople—was put into a state between bondage and freedom, a state which it seems is in diplomatic jargon called "administrative autonomy." That is, it had a governor named by the Turk, but in its internal administration it has been nearly as free as the principality. For this threefold division, above all for the cruellest part of it, the thrusting back into utter bondage of men already set free, no reason can be given, except the natural dislike on the part of some who signed the treaty to hear of the smallest advance on the part of right and freedom. The circumstances of the country, the wishes of its inhabitants, called for union; but union is strength, and to help towards the strength of a free people, a Christian people, was the thing which some of those who signed the treaty most wished to hinder. The body then which is strangely spoken of as "Europe" decreed that Bulgaria should be divided, and therefore weak. "Europe" had decreed the same

in the case of Roumania, and the decree of "Europe" had gone for very little. Instead of the divided lands of Wallachia and Moldavia, which "Europe" had decreed to keep asunder, there has been for several years the independent kingdom of Roumania, needing only a little enlargement to the north-west or north-east, whenever honest men get their own. What the Rouman people had done the Bulgarian people might do also, and northern and southern Bulgaria might be united as well as Wallachia and Moldavia. And one day, a few weeks back, came the good news that they were united, that northern and southern Bulgaria had come together under Prince Alexander by a peaceful rising. A brighter and more honorable day is not set down in the kalendar of any people.

Never was the conventional talk about foreign intriguers and the like more thoroughly out of place than when applied to such a movement as this. The Bulgarian people were suffering under a great wrong; they deemed that the time for undoing that wrong had come, and they undid it. That they should be reviled for so doing by despots and the tools of despots is no more than they must have looked for. That a free nation should stoop to take up the language of despots against them, this is indeed a blow hard to bear. Bulgaria united her divided members, and Servia, and even Greece, talks of "equilibrium" and "compensation." Now, if we had heard of a Servian march of deliverance into the Servian lands that are still in bondage to the Turk, and if we had presently heard that the motives of that march of deliverance had been translated into the language of despots, we might perhaps have smiled. Those who might have to be spoken to would fail to understand such words as "nations" and "deliverance." To them it might be expedient to speak according to their kind, and to talk of "equilibrium" and "compensation." So that the good work was done, it would matter little in what words it was spoken of. But before long another tale is heard; the enslaved brethren are forgotten; the Turk is left to work his will on them. And the sword which seemed to be whetting for the deliverance of the oppressed is strangely hurled against fellow-workers in the same cause, whose single crime is to have wrought their own deliverance.

Now happily no one believes that this great crime—for than an unjust war no crime is greater—is fairly to be laid to

the charge of the Servian people. Between Servia and Bulgaria there are likely enough to be grudges, grudges such as are to be found among neighbors everywhere. Still it is hard to believe that the mass of the Servian people can really approve the action of their ruler, that they can go forth to the unprovoked slaughter of their brethren with the heart with which nine years back they went forth to their crusade against the barbarian. No; the war is no national war; it is a war waged in the supposed interests of a race or of a dynasty, a race and a dynasty who, it is to be hoped, have sealed their death-warrant by leading a misguided people on an errand of blood and shame. But no one believes that the moving power is to be found in a race or in a dynasty within the bounds of Servia. The real doer is to be looked for beyond the Save. It is the sleepless enemy of south-eastern freedom who, we may be sure, is the real doer of this unprovoked breach of the peace of Europe, this shameless violation of the rights of nations. In a word, as ever happens when wrong can be done by deputy and the reward gathered in person, the guiding spirit in the present deed of unrighteousness is, beyond all doubt, the imperial, royal and apostolic chief of the house of Habsburg and Lorraine.

It is not a new remark, but it is a remark which will bear making again, that the political language of the nineteenth century might sometimes be improved in clearness and truth by falling back on the political language of the eighteenth. The odd fashion now in vogue of personifying nations and powers on the slightest occasions, a figure of speech which used to be kept for some poetical or rhetorical flourish, is a mere question of style as long as it is applied to national powers like England, France, or Italy. The government of England, France, or Italy, presumably acts on behalf of the English, French, or Italian nation; if at any time it fails to do so, it is the fault of the nation itself. To talk therefore of the action of England, France, or Italy, does no harm; it leads to no misunderstanding of facts. But to talk in the same way of "Austria" or "Turkey" as personified beings, held to do whatever their rulers do, does lead to misunderstanding of facts. It leads to the impression, perhaps the quite unconscious impression, that the acts spoken of are the acts of a nation, like the acts of England, France, or Italy. The older forms of speech gave no opening for any such misconception. Men used to speak,

not of "Turkey," but of "the Turk," "the Grand Turk," "the Grand Seignior," some phrase which effectually marked off the infidel intruder from all European nations and their rulers. They spoke too always of the "house of Austria" or "the house of Habsburg," a formula which still more happily brought out the facts of the case. In using it men were never likely to forget that they were not speaking of a nation. The "interests of the house of Habsburg," the "policy of the house of Habsburg," was, on the face of it, the interest, the policy, not of a people, but simply of a family. If we kept to that formula, we should not be likely to forget that, when we speak of the six great powers of Europe, one of them is of a different nature from the others, that, while five of them are nations, the sixth is a mere family estate. The interest, the policy, of any of the other powers may be selfish, but it need not be so; sometimes it has not been so. Take the one power which even in these days keeps a despotic government, the power where the people have no constitutional voice, where the influence of the people on the rulers can only be indirect. The Russian war of 1877, the crusade of the Russian people against the oppressor of their brethren, was a popular movement as true and as generous as any that history records. But where there is no nation, only a confused jumble of scraps of nations, each to be played off against some other as may be convenient for the common enemy, no national voice ever can be heard. The policy, the interest, not of the harmless German duchy to which the name of Austria strictly belongs, not of the unnatural heaping together of territories to which the name is vulgarly applied, but the policy, the interest, of the house of Austria or of Habsburg, the mere interest of a family seeking nothing but to enlarge its family estate, is in its own nature selfish, and cannot be otherwise. Such a power lives simply by the weakness and disunion of nations; anything which unites a nation, or in any other way strengthens a nation, is simply the setting of an example which may be inconvenient to the interests of the house, which may tend to the lessening of its family estate. If a fragment of a nation which is still under the Turk may unite itself to the independent fragment of the same nation, it may come into the head of some fragment of some other nation that is under the Austrian to unite itself in the like sort to the independent fragment of the same nation.

In one part of the family estate the thing has been done. Some of us can remember when to all grave and respectable politicians it seemed as thoroughly a part of the eternal fitness of things that the house of Austria should rule in Milan and Venice as it now seems to the same class that the same house should rule in Cattaro and Ragusa. Out of Milan and Venice the house of Austria has been scourged amid the rejoicings of mankind; and the house of Austria itself knows, if others have forgotten, that a day may come when right shall have the upper hand on the eastern side of Hadria as well as on the western. With such an example within recent memory, it is no wonder if the house and its chief look with a jealousy to which ordinary national enmity is as nothing on every movement towards freedom or union on the part of any enslaved or divided people. Every step taken on behalf of national rights is a blow struck at the ascendancy of a house which lives only by the trampling under foot of all national rights. We thus fully understand the rage of Francis Joseph and his minister at the dangerous precedent of Bulgarian union, and the unkindly scoldings of the Bulgarian patriots which came forth from the imperial, royal, and apostolic mouth. The Bulgarians were soundly rated for breach of the Treaty of Berlin, disobedience to the will of Europe, all the stock phrases which come so readily to the lips of oppressors when they are threatened by action on the part of the oppressed. To any one who is not blinded by the fallacies of diplomatists it is plain that the Bulgarians have broken nothing and disobeyed nothing. They have not broken the Treaty of Berlin, for they never consented to it. They simply submitted to its unrighteous provisions under dread of overwhelming force. As for "disobedience," "will of Europe," and all that kind of talk, it is not very wonderful if despots and their ministers easily come to say, "We are they that ought to speak; who is lord over us?" They may even come to think that there is something of moral authority in anything that they choose to ordain, and that some real blame attaches to those who go against their orders. Yet it is hard to see that the right by which six of the powers of Europe take on themselves to dictate to the rest is anything but the mere right of the stronger. They do it simply because they are able to do it. They have no commission from other nations to act in their place; the other nations obey simply because it is prudent

to obey. A single small power will commonly act unwisely if it defies the will of six great powers; it should at least carefully count the cost before it runs such a risk. But that is all; it is simply a question of prudence; there is no moral obligation on the part of the weak to obey the strong simply because they are strong. And that breach of treaty, simply as breach of treaty, does not greatly offend the apostolic mind is plain on a moment's thought. The Turk is, beyond all doubt, bound by the Berlin Treaty; for he has signed it. But, if he has signed it, he has also shamelessly broken it. He promised by the Berlin Treaty to give to the other Christian lands under his rule institutions of the same kind as those which the treaty gave to the so-called Eastern Roumelia. That promise the Turk has not kept. Instead of granting free institutions or reforms of any kind, he has simply turned on scorpions instead of whips; the anarchy and oppression of Macedonia has, since the treaty, been greater than ever. But not a word comes from the apostolic mouth to rebuke the Turk for his breach of treaty. For his breach of treaty, his disobedience to the bidding of "Europe," tends to the common interest, to the great object of the weakening of nations. It is only when a free people act for themselves that breach of treaty is denounced, and that on the part of a people on whom the treaty is in no way binding.

As far as we have gone yet, the open action of the head of the house of Austria has not gone beyond scolding. The time for filching has not yet come. But when the "Areopagus of Europe" and the head of the house of Austria come to speak their minds, the power which filched Spizza, that wretched little haven, from Montenegro in 1878, will doubtless find some paltry scrap of territory which may be found convenient to round off some corner or other of the family estate. The house of Austria never throws any part of the world into confusion without some object. It is sure to go off with some little matter of gain, some halfpenny picked from the pocket of a poor neighbor, as the reward of its labors. The house indeed may have its eye on something much greater than Spizza. No one, I presume, doubts that, when the Servian army, which simple-minded folk thought was called forth to deliver Servians from the Turk, suddenly turned in another direction to slaughter Bulgarians, it was done at imperial, royal and apostolic bid-

ding. For nothing could be less suited to imperial, royal, and apostolic interests than the extension of freedom to a people who might help to bar the extension of the family estate to the Ægean. And nothing could better suit those interests than to chastise the breakers of the sacred treaty, the despisers of the bidding of Europe, to chastise them too by the hand of another, with the comforting thought that, whether Servian slaughtered Bulgarian or Bulgarian slaughtered Servian, some free people would be weakened. It is this kind of policy with which we have to reckon as long as the mere interests of a particular family are allowed to take their place in European councils alongside of what may be at least presumed to be the interests of nations. The Turk himself is in some sort more worthy of respect; he is at least an open enemy on equal terms; he does represent a people and a creed; we can hardly fancy the heir of Othman stooping to filch Spizza. And beyond all doubt the Turk is at this moment the less dangerous of the two; there is little fear of his advance, while the subtle advance of the Austrian is to be feared at every moment, in every quarter, and in every shape. What if Servia, the tool, is destined for perhaps a speedier blow than Bulgaria the victim? It might possibly be convenient to take advantage of some movement against a defeated Servian king, and to declare the presence of the apostolic armies to be no less needful in Servia than in Bosnia. Or it might be possible to bribe free Italy with some small act of liberation on her own border into joining with the despots in agreeing to some far wider acts of annexation on some other border. The shifts and devices of a power bent on personal aggrandizement, and unchecked by the voice of an united people, do in truth know no end. It is time that the real danger of south-eastern Europe, and thereby of all Europe, should be fully understood. It is time that men should stop and think what the phrase so glibly used about "going to Salonica" really means. Anyhow it is cheering to see that the strange influence which the great Austrian imposture has latterly held over men's minds seems at last to be giving way. English newspapers, not commonly in the habit of dealing over boldly with established powers, are beginning to speak out, and to denounce a crooked and bloody policy as it deserves. We seem to be coming back to the healthier feelings of 1848, of 1859, and of 1866. And it is more cheering still

when we see the heads of both political parties in England speaking of the Bulgarian movement in a tone very different from that of Francis Joseph and his Count Kalnoky. Lord Salisbury has much to wipe out, for he signed the Berlin Treaty; but he may wipe out a good deal by acting according to his hitherto spoken words, and by letting the influence of England be thrown this time into the scale of right. It will be glad tidings of great joy if we hear the voice of the nation of Great Britain given on the opposite side to the voice of the house of Austria. And by being given on the opposite side to the voice of the house of Austria, it will be very far from being given on the opposite side to the voice of not a few of the subjects of the house of Austria. The head of that house, reviler of the Bulgarians, calls himself, among other things, king of Bohemia. But when Bulgarian students in his Bohemian capital go to join the cause that he reviles, it is not with revilings but with blessings that the people of Bohemia send forth the helpers in a cause which their still uncrowned master so bitterly denounces.

While the Austrian objects are plain enough, those of the Russian czar are more puzzling. His strange personal treatment of the prince of Bulgaria looks more like a passing fit of ill-temper than the outcome of any deliberate policy. No doubt the exercise of an independent will by a small people and their prince is no more likely to be acceptable to a Russian than to an Austrian despot. But then the Russian despot has a people behind him, a people whose voice sometimes makes itself heard, a people capable of high resolve and generous self-devotion. Men like Kireéff and Skobelev have assuredly not died out among the countrymen of Kireéff and Skobelev. What the action of the house of Austria must be we know already; to the possible action of Russia we look, not without misgivings, but not without hope.

Another element not to be forgotten is the way in which the public action of Servia may be looked on by the Servian people themselves. When the sword is once drawn, it is very hard to stop a war, however unrighteous, however impolitic; still no one can doubt that on the part of Servia this war is no war of the people, but simply a war of the king and his master. But King Milan should remember that, to say nothing of the possible schemes of his master, he is hardly in a position to play tricks with his people.

There are other claimants of his crown; there are worthier representatives of the headship of his nation. The old memories of Servian greatness, the thoughts of the days when Servia was indeed a power in the world, hardly gather round the house of Obrenovitch. They rather gather round the unconquered principality where in the darkest days one fragment of the Servian folk still kept its freedom. They rather gather round the noble prince who, alone among living European sovereigns, has, like Godfrey or Saint Lewis, met the infidel in battle face to face. For the true king of men, at whose word the swords of a free people are ready to flash in a righteous cause, as we do not go to Francis Joseph of Vienna, neither do we go to Milan of Belgrade; we do go to Nicolas of Jzotinje.

There is yet another nation to be dealt with. Greece has made it plain that she too will have a word in the matter. If there is an enslaved Servia and an enslaved Bulgaria, there is an enslaved Greece no less. Crete, which the Berlin Treaty thrust back into bondage as the reward of her gallant struggles; Jôannina, with freedom twice promised and twice snatched from its grasp; those of the islands of the Ægean which are still left under the yoke,—here are wrongs which cannot forever remain unredressed. The general prospects of Greece on the side of Albania are far too wide a subject to be dealt with here, but in any case there are the Greek lands of Epeiros to be set free. On the side of Bulgaria the question is simpler. What is needed is for two nations which have been rivals for twelve hundred years, which have had even in recent times grudges against one another which are not imaginary, to make the effort of getting over their differences in the face of a common enemy, and of submitting their claims to the judgment of an impartial arbitrator, if such an arbitrator can be found. Nothing can be plainer than that the land which is somewhat vaguely called Macedonia is neither wholly Greek nor wholly Bulgarian, and that to assign it as a whole to either Greece or Bulgaria would be to do a wrong to the other nation. It is equally clear that neither Greece nor Bulgaria can be trusted, any more than any other nation or any other man, to be judge in its own cause. Let us hope that neither nation will ever commit the crime and folly of drawing the sword against the other. For Greek and Bulgarian, the countrymen of

Basil and the countrymen of Samuel, to march side by side against the Turk would indeed be a sight to stir the heart. The only question is whether the danger from the other side is not so far more pressing that even the Turk may not be endured for a moment. The yoke of Othman will at least be easier to throw off than the yoke of Habsburg. But in no case let any people of south-eastern Christendom shed the blood of his fellow in the sight of either enemy and to the profit of either enemy. An useful field, perhaps for what calls itself "Europe," perhaps for some tribunal more likely to do justice, would be found in the work of drawing a fair boundary line between two nations, either of which, by the common law of human nature, is certain to claim more than its just right.

We know not what a day may bring forth. But as yet the armed intrigue of Milan and Milan's master seems, as a military enterprise, to have wholly failed; the people of Samuel have stood their ground against unprovoked aggression with an energy worthy of Samuel himself. Their foreign prince has shown himself worthy of the crown that his people gave him. And yet the base plot has done its work. The liberating revolution is in some sort already undone. The Turk has found opportunity to meddle, to speak of the liberated land as his. Prince Alexander is said to have thrown himself on the will of the sultan, and to have promised to withdraw from the land whose people have called him to be their deliverer. It is for the national powers of Europe, for England, for France, for Italy—if she can rise above momentary temptations—for Russia—if she can again speak with the voice of her people—to undo this wrong, and to take care that the purest revolution of our times shall not be made a dead letter simply to satisfy the malignity of jealous despots. And it is for the third nation of the peninsula to take warning, and to eschew the example of a sister nation which has been beguiled into such deadly error. In the greatest day of the elder Greece, many an old wrong was forgotten when Athens and Sparta and Corinth and Aigina went forth together to save Hellas from the Mede. The like must be done again. "*Pax in terris hominibus bonæ voluntatis*;" but every free nation must stand ready for war, whenever war cannot be escaped, against the enemies of peace and oppressors of mankind.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.



From The Spectator.  
BOY KINGS.

THE evidence about young princes is rarely trustworthy, and after a good deal of reading, we find ourselves uncertain whether Edward VI. was a rather goody young man, or the undeveloped tiger-cub some close observers believed him to be. Those to whom princes talk are flattered by their talk, and disposed to attribute to them not only virtues, but also abilities, which they often do not possess. Those who praise them, too, are uncontradicted. It is held as discourteous to call princes stupid — unless, indeed, like Ferdinand of Austria, they are imbeciles — as to call princesses ugly; yet there are princes without intelligence and princesses without ordinary attractiveness of mien. The evidence that King Alfonso of Spain had exceptional ability of a kind — the kind necessary to the work of governing — is, however, very strong. He was, when he ascended the throne ten years ago, a lathy lad whose bearing inspired no awe, his birth was suspected, he was closely watched, and he had plenty of enemies around him. Nevertheless, from year to year the opinion grew that he was competent to bear rule. Grave statesmen found that in grave crises the king's will was a powerful factor in the situation, and that his judgment was worth considering; ambassadors reported that he had an opinion, usually an intelligent one; and generals yielded to his influence with a facility which surprised themselves. It has not been easy work usually to obtain a hold over the Spanish army; and, owing to the circumstances of his accession, it was unusually difficult for Alfonso; but he obtained a hold so firm that, after thirty years of military outbreaks, *pronunciamientos* became impossible. He won the common soldiers first by a novel consideration for their wants; but he won the officers, also, while maintaining all the while a discipline almost cruel in its inflexibility. He had, too, many of the qualities of a statesman, refused to proscribe any class of opponents, and declared that, so long as they accepted the constitutional monarchy, he should regard all parties, including the Left, as Spanish parties, and turn, when need arrived, without reluctance to any of them. He would listen to any advice respectfully tendered, however opposed to his own judgment, and he never seemed to fear the closest contact with any mind.

That much seems to be proved by evidence past doubt; but there is still a

question lingering in many minds which is, perhaps, worth an answer. Granting all that is said of Alfonso, he was not a man of genius; and genius apart, how could a lad of that age be of material use at the head of a great government? The answer to that is the counter-question, — Why should he not be of use? There was nothing in his position which there is not in the position of a thousand men in England at this moment. Every day some great proprietor, or manufacturer with three thousand hands, or brewer with endless mash-tubs, or shopkeeper with a business as large as the trade of a West-Indian island, dies, and his son, a little too young, steps into the vacant place, and after a brief pause of uncertainty, settles to the work, and does it fairly well. He has probably been hearing of the work all his life; he is sobered at once, as far as the work is concerned, by a keen sense of his own interest; he can decide like an older man, and whenever the experience which he does not possess is required, he has that of long-tried men laid frankly and pleasantly before him. Employés soon learn the art of not being bores. King Alfonso's trade from childhood had been governing; and he had therefore all the advantages of the heir to a business, with this additional one, that the one thing he was sedulously taught, the self-control which in a king is the first essential of manners, is a distinct help in doing actual work. A king must listen, a king must keep his temper, a king must adhere to his expressed opinion, — those are mere lessons of manner; but those once learned, are aids to the acquirement of wisdom of no mean value. Of course, they are useless if the pupil is inherently incapable, or too given to pleasure to attend, or is of a vacillating temper; but granted a little industry, average keenness of brain, and a good deal of firmness, a boy ruler may do his work more than fairly well. It is not more difficult to learn politics than to learn history; not harder to decide between policies than between courses in life; not more impossible to understand whether a minister is able than whether a tutor is able. Good judgment as to men is in a king a substitute for almost all qualities. A young Oxford man in his second year will understand the capacities, and the feebleness, and the idiosyncrasies of those who teach him very well indeed; and he has not half the interest in understanding them that a young king has in understanding the politicians within his court, or half the means

of obtaining accurate knowledge. The king hears clever detractors as the Oxford man does not, has opportunities of hearing statesmen think aloud as tutors do not, and has besides a responsibility with which a collegian is not oppressed. No king, Mr. Sanford, the historian, used to say, however bad or weak, ever got rid of the feeling that the affairs of the monarchy were his affairs; that whatever happened in the kingdom, he himself would have to take or to pay the stake; that he was answerable, if not to the people, then to God and history for all that might occur. An earthquake was his misfortune, and an outbreak of cholera his affliction. A conviction of that kind rapidly ripens the mind; and so does the incessant intercourse with powerful men which every king must, from the mere necessities of his daily work, be compelled to keep up. He must discuss affairs every day with cabinet ministers, and unless exceptionally stupid, must take in knowledge almost unconsciously, and exercise himself in decision every day. That was how the young Disraeli was taught; and though he, no doubt, was a genius, a more average man could not have failed to gain something from his opportunities.

But then, it is said, every king is surrounded by flatterers, and flattery must of necessity impair the judgment of the young. We are not quite sure of that. A good deal of the flattery, be it remembered, is regarded by kings, however young, as only courtesy, and does not affect the judgment at all; while a good deal more has only the effect of giving courage to the flattered, who, above all other qualities, is called upon for that one. He has always to decide, if it be only to follow advice, and some little conceit is necessary in the young, when they have to make rapid decisions. Those who lack it are no doubt the sweeter for the defect; but though there are exceptions, lads who are self-distrustful rarely become, as kings must become, men of action, often hesitate, and generally perceive too clearly all those innumerable obstacles which, in a complex world like this, impede any course whatever. We do not see, reading history, that flattery has hurt European kings much, they being more impressed by events which do not flatter — Alfonso's kingship, for instance, did not save his young wife Mercedes, "Queen Juliet" as the people of Madrid called her, in their sympathy with her royal Romeo — and they have, when young, a certain freedom from other

causes of mental disturbance. Nobody outshines a king in his own circle. They fear no rivals, and have nobody to rival. Nobody can distance them, and they have nothing to seize. Flattery does not injure a man more than the passions of envy and jealousy, and from these kings must be free. The absence of any necessity for pushing tends to serenity, and serenity of all conditions of mind gives the judgment most room for play, more especially upon those personal questions, those efforts at discrimination between one man and another, which are the first preoccupation of kings. The main cause of the early ripening of princes is, however, no doubt, the character of their work. Even children grow grave when by any chance the business before them strikes them as important; and a young man of twenty must be very frivolous indeed if the affairs of a kingdom, which are also his own affairs, do not press closely upon his mind. He may hand them over to other men; but he cannot think them trifles, more especially as in every court there are men, and women too, outside the circle of responsible ministers, who do not think them trifles at all, but want to impress their own views of them on the king's mind. King Alfonso, trained in exile, and aware, therefore, that every king has, like every other man, "a crick in his neck," had an unusual sense of responsibility; and an educated lad of twenty, weighted with that feeling, forced into counsel with the able, and compelled every day to make some serious decision, may be, as he certainly was, as competent a king as any one of more mature years. He would lack nothing but experience; and the ability to benefit by the experience of others is an equivalent for that defect. Young men rarely have it, preferring to learn the vanity of all things below the sun for themselves; but young kings must have, or they fall. They do not like falling.

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From The London Times.  
KING THEBAW.

MANDALAY, Nov. 28.

THE squadron arrived here at nine o'clock this morning. On its arrival, Colonel Sladen sent a letter to the prime minister, requiring the terms of surrender to be carried out, and that King Thebaw should surrender himself.

The river banks were crowded with Burmese, who affected to regard our ar-

rival with indifference. But they displayed great eagerness to be engaged as porters and laborers.

At one o'clock, no reply to Colonel Sladen's letter having been received, the troops landed, and marched in three columns on the palace, which is situated some three miles from the river. The troops occupied the palace gates shortly before three o'clock, and entered the outer courts without resistance.

The palace is enclosed by a lofty, crenelated brick wall, forming exactly a square mile and a half. Each side of the palace is surrounded by a deep moat, two hundred and fifty feet in width, and the building is the chief fortress and arsenal of the kingdom. It is a city within a city, being inhabited by a population of several thousands.

Within the outer wall are several enclosures; and in the inner square, which is surrounded by teak palisades, twenty feet high, the king resides, and the treasury, arsenal, and principal buildings are situated.

Colonel Sladen entered the palace in advance of the troops, and was received by King Thebaw, accompanied by his mother-in-law and three of his ministers. Thebaw was in a very prostrate condition, weeping and trembling.

Addressing Colonel Sladen, whom he had previously known, the king said: "All is finished; I have been badly advised by my ministers; I leave all to you, Sladen; I will allow you to govern my country. If I cannot live in the palace give me a little house in Mandalay."

Colonel Sladen replied that it was impossible for Thebaw to continue to reside in Mandalay; and that he (Colonel Sladen) had no power to allow him to do so.

Thebaw then asked what Colonel Sladen would advise him to do. The colonel stated that the decision as to his (Thebaw's) future rested with the viceroy; and said that the best course for the king to take was to go to India, where he might see the viceroy.

Thebaw then requested that he should not be separated from his family, and that he might be allowed to take with him to India several of his ministers.

Colonel Sladen pointed out that if the ministers accompanied Thebaw it would be impossible to carry on the government of the country.

Thebaw then declared that his wife was in delicate health, and begged that the troops might not enter the inner palace that day, as he required time to remove

the members of his family. Colonel Sladen agreed to this request. A strong guard was placed round the inner palace.

General Prendergast did not see Thebaw to-day, but he will meet him early to-morrow. It is probable that Thebaw will to-morrow be placed on a steamer and sent to India.

Mandalay is quiet and orderly, and the people are showing no inclination to oppose us. The Burmese resistance has utterly collapsed; and it is very desirable that the expeditionary force should be broken up, and that the administration of the country should be placed under the control of civil officers familiar with the language, customs, and ways of the Burmese.

It has been ascertained that M. Haas assisted in preparing the Burmese letter to General Prendergast asking for an armistice.

Large quantities of arms and ammunition were captured in the palace.

I had a lengthy and somewhat remarkable interview to-day with King Thebaw. Along with him were the Queen Soopyalat, her sister, the queen-mother, widow of the late king, and Thebaw's sister. I was introduced by Colonel Sladen to the royal party, no other person being present but an interpreter.

I believe that the previous interview of Colonel Sladen with the king was the first occasion on which any European was allowed to come into the presence of King Thebaw, or any previous king of Burmah, without taking off his shoes and assuming a crouching attitude.

Colonel Sladen and I remained standing during the interview, the royal party being seated in a gallery of the garden pavilion, raised about four feet from the ground. Soopyalat sat next the king, and closely followed the conversation at the interview, in which she occasionally took part.

Thebaw is a stout, young, good-looking man of about thirty, with a weak face. He has not the receding forehead which has always been the distinctive mark of the descendants of Aloungpra. Since he found that he had no violence to fear, King Thebaw has recovered his nerve, and he displayed a good deal of quiet dignity.

This morning Tinedah Mengyee gave information that Thebaw might attempt to escape. The king was arrested in consequence, and removed to the pavilion where I saw him.

Colonel Sladen told the king that I was

the correspondent of the *Times*. The king immediately said that he knew the *Times*, and that a copy of it was taken by his ministers to learn English public opinion. He then added that he was anxious the English people should hear his words, and he requested me to write down what he said. At the close of the interview I read over my notes through the interpreter, to Thebaw, who said that they were correct.

Thebaw said :—

"I wish to be kept quiet. I have given over everything to the English. I want Sladen to govern the country now and in the future. If Sladen had remained as resident and not left, this war would never have occurred. I have been badly advised."

I then said that I thought Tinedah Mengyee had been a bad adviser.

Thebaw. — "Yes; I was seized when young, and made a mere puppet. I have now to suffer for what Tinedah and others forced me to do. I now know that I was altogether wrong. Tinedah, the Athlaym Woon, and Kyoung Moun Woon urged me on to war, and when the fighting commenced they were the first to abandon me. I did not hear of the English taking Minhla; but when I heard of your arrival at Pagan, I said, no more fighting must occur, as the Burmese could not resist."

"My ministers told me that only five vessels with two thousand soldiers were coming to make a treaty. My mother-in-law was always very anxious to prevent war. My ministers are very ungrateful. Not one of them has waited on me since the English arrived in Mandalay."

Colonel Sladen here said, "It will not raise your ministers in English public opinion that they should thus desert you."

Soopyalat, turning to the interpreter, said: "Tell him that the day before yesterday I had three hundred maids of honor. Yesterday evening only sixteen remained with me. We have two children alive, and three are buried in the northern garden."

Thebaw, resuming, said, "Let Sladen govern the country for five years."

From The Spectator.

#### THE COLLAPSE OF BURMAH.

THERE is something very impressive to the imagination in the audacious calmness with which this conquest of Burmah has been carried through. From first to last

the Indian government has acted as if it were doing a piece of work which had fallen to it in the ordinary way of business, and which hardly required discussion, far less any unusual strain of effort. It bore with the court of Burmah, its bizarre insolences, its not unfrequent outrages, and its perpetual intrigues, for more than thirty years, until it became dangerous; and then the viceroy, hardly lifting his hand, and almost in silence, struck the dynasty of Alompra down. Even when the decision had been taken, the government of India indulged in no fanfaronade, uttered no menaces, issued no proclamations, raised no extra troops, but quietly ordered an efficient officer of no high rank to submit an ultimatum to the king, and on its rejection "to take Burmah." It made no exaggerated preparations. Some three thousand Europeans and four thousand Sepoys were considered sufficient to conquer an empire; their transport to Rangoon was effected like that of an ordinary relief, and when King Theebau issued his declaration of war, General Prendergast was ready to strike straight at the heart of the Burmese kingdom. He steamed at once for Mandalay, captured almost without loss the only forts on the river which barred his road, and within fifteen days of quitting the frontier, arrived at Ava, the ancient capital. There the Burmese might have been expected to make their final stand; and though the heart was out of them, they did make some effort to obtain terms. In a letter which whines audibly, they complained that the British were too prompt, and asked on what terms an armistice would be granted. The reply, alike in its quiet form and its amazing audacity, was thoroughly characteristic. General Prendergast, who had been dropping garrisons along his road, by this time had scarcely two thousand Europeans with him; he knew the Burmese army was still eighteen thousand strong, and he had two great capitals to take, both of them fortified in a way, and one still containing a population of one hundred thousand men, who for a century and a half have considered themselves, with much justice, one of the dominant races of Asia. Nobody fights better than a Burman when he sincerely intends fighting. Nevertheless, the general asked all. If the Burmese would surrender their king, their army, their remaining fortresses, and their capital, he would grant an armistice, but not otherwise; and when the astounded negotiators hesitated, he got up steam to start

at once for Mandalay. That quiet, pitiless persistence, as of a man wielding a force with which it was folly to contend, broke down all resistance. King Theebau "had heard the sound of the great guns at Minhla;" and, under special orders from the palace, the kingdom, with its resources still untouched, was laid quietly at the general's feet. The troops flung away their arms, the forts round Ava were thrown open, and on November 29th Mandalay was occupied without a shot being fired in its defence. The Burmese empire has, in fact, fallen, like Jericho, before the sound of an attack.

Lord Dufferin deserves the highest credit for his management of this bloodless campaign. He was, to begin with, thoroughly well informed. He must have sanctioned the plan of the campaign, which was in reality as audacious as Lord Wolseley's ascent of the Nile, and which, had there been either heart or generalship among the Burmese, might have conspicuously failed. He chose the right man for command,—a man who would go straight to his end, and who understood that in Asia it is easier to secure unconditional surrender than any "terms," however moderate. And he limited the effort and waste involved in the expedition, which has overthrown a kingdom as large as France, and has probably cost less than any first-class ironclad in her Majesty's fleet. There has been nothing, in fact, to pay for, except some transport and the cost of a few weeks' extra allowances to the troops on active service. The work has been splendidly done; but it must not be forgotten that Lord Dufferin was greatly aided by the internal condition of the Burmese kingdom. The structure which looked so stately in the eyes of its subjects, and which impressed even foreigners with a certain awe, so that up to the last moment a severe, if not dangerous, struggle was expected, must have been rotten through and through. It must have been decaying silently for a generation. The Burmese War Office did not even succeed in blocking the channel of the river, which General Prendergast, now that he holds Ava, would in a few hours render inaccessible to the strongest fleet. The Burmese soldiers clearly did not want to fight; and when they threw their weapons away, openly confessed their delight in being rid of the whole business. The people along the river welcomed the English as deliverers. The officials and the populace of the capital must have been willing to

submit, or they would have overthrown the king; and finally, Theebau himself must have been either panic-stricken or utterly unequal to the duties of his position. He might have embarrassed the invader either by fighting behind stockades, or by flying into the interior, or by abdicating in favor of a stronger regent; but he remembered the pleasures of Calcutta, and preferred an honorable detention in a palace on the Hooghly. He gave up hope at the sound of a cannonade thirty-five miles distant,—a strange commentary on his order, the ink of which is scarcely dry, to drive the English into the sea and reconquer Pegu and Aracan. In truth all Burmah was weary of an independence which brought nothing except to a few officials, and to them only the delight of murdering with impunity. With a cowardly tyrant on the throne, with the provinces given up to banditti, with prosperity at an end, and with the population slowly perishing at once of misgovernment and emigration, the people saw no reason for fighting; and as the invaders were British, no reason for fearing conquest. They knew what conquest meant. On every side, except the eastern, upper Burmah is girdled in by provinces, once her own, but now British, in which Burmans are living easy lives under the shelter of the British flag. Aracan has been British for sixty years, Assam for forty-seven years, Pegu for thirty-two years, and in them all Burmans are not only as safe, but as free as Londoners in London. If any man kills them, he is hanged; if any man robs them, he works in chains upon the roads. No official interferes with, or even notices, their religious observances. They may travel without permits, set up shops without police permission, trade with all the world without hindrance or remark. So long as they pay their taxes, no official ever visits them; and if they grow rich, as they habitually do, not only is there no extortion, but they are considered praiseworthy citizens, and receive from their conquerors, in various ways, distinct marks of approval. Where is the temptation to avoid a fate like that, by fighting to the death for a sovereign who next week may execute you out of pure wantonness, and who certainly will leave any soldier who plunders you unpunished and uncensured? There is nothing in his creed to reward a Burman for fighting; and though proud of his race, he has little feeling of country, and none of that hatred of the European which in so many Asiatic countries does full duty for patri-



otism. Nothing was lost by submission except the freedom of the king to execute at will; and from the premier, who is only alive because Theebau's predecessor guaranteed him by patent against every known method of execution, down to the fishermen on the river, the whole population of Burmah decided that it was useless to contend. Colonel Sladen, therefore, steps quietly into the king's place as administrator of upper Burmah, and the viceroy only awaits a despatch from Lord Randolph Churchill to declare all Burmah, native and British, a new lieutenant governorship.

We presume the order will be to annex, for there is hardly any other open path. The declarations of the Burmese, who have practically given a *plébiscite* in our favor, have removed the moral difficulty, and imposed upon us a certain obligation. We can hardly hand them over to native rulers again, — and, indeed, it is doubtful if a native could again rule. The organization of the State has fallen to pieces. The army no longer inspires any fear; and if a princelet of the dynasty could be found, he could not defend himself against the Shans of the interior. It is not fair

to allow the Shans to conquer the people we have broken, and who avowedly choose us; and we see no practical alternative to the acceptance of a new and onerous task. Burmah will cost nothing, for the people ask only government; and in ten years it will be a rich and prosperous province. We are getting far too many of such possessions, and some day shall find that our resources of energy are unequal to their task; but still England is a reservoir of capacities, and the revenue we draw from these huge deltas helps us to carry on the work of civilization in Asia. Nobody wanted Burmah, which Lord Dalhousie thirty-three years ago angrily refused to take; but it has thrown itself into our hands, and we must do with it the best we can. After all, there must be a gift somewhere in our disagreeable people, or races which fight the French to the death, and which have defied even China, would not swoon away as we approach, and ask only that we will please to mount the throne. Imagine a city like Mandelay opening its gates without a shot fired, that an Englishman may ride through its streets to its palace, avowedly to arrest its king!

ON THE SQUARE BAMBOO. — Its geographical range is from 25 deg. to 30 deg. N., littoral, and westward, at various points as far as Szech'uan. Unlike other varieties of the bamboo at this place, Wenchow, its shoots are developed in autumn, not in spring. They sprout in September or October, and grow until arrested by December's cold. In the spring following, their growth recommences when the grass attains its full height — ten to fifteen feet. The lower portion of the culms bristles with short spines; in the second or third year their squareness is far less striking than when matured by several years' growth: that quality is sometimes so marked that a native botanist describes them as appearing like rods pared by cutting instruments. It is cultivated chiefly for an ornament in gardens, and in temple courts; the longer stems (sometimes an inch and a half through) are used for staves, the smaller and less squarish, for stems of opium pipes, and the smaller and less mature for tobacco pipes. Its anomalousness is attributed by the Chinese to supernatural powers, occult agencies varying with each district. The Ningpo *Gazetteer* tells how Ko Hung, the most famous (fourth century A.D.) thrust his chopsticks (slender bamboo rods, pared square) into the ground at Spiritual Park Monastery, near that city, which by

thaumaturgical art he caused to take root and to appear as a new variety of bamboo square. With the prepared specimen of square bamboo for the museum I send also specimen of the bearded bamboo (*Dendrocalamus latiflorus*), as they illustrate an art peculiar to Wenchow which is capable of being imitated in the tropical and sub-tropical regions of India. This bamboo is called "bearded," or "hairy" because of the appearance presented on the surface of the husks of the shoots (it is the shoots of this plant that supply our tables with one of our most prized esculents). The matured are cut in sections of about half a foot, and then slit and boiled for two hours in water; before the boiling is half completed some lime is added, that alkali rendering the material less liable to attacks of insects. Boiling renders the cylinders flexible; they are then flattened and subjected to pressure until they become absolutely dry, which takes about ten days. When properly dried they retain their sheet-like form; the silicious surface is pared off and also the inner surface, until the latter presents a white appearance, when the sheets are ready for carving or perforating, and are useful for inlaid work. Elegant scrolls are made by glueing on delicate bamboo fret-work representing scenery or giving poetic complimentary verses, after the manner of paper scrolls.

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